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FOR PENNSYLVANIA

100 North Cameron Street
Harrisburg, Penna.
July 3, 1942

Miss Edith Patterson
Pottsville Free Public Library
Pottsville, Pennsylvania

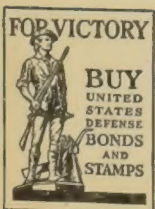
Dear Miss Patterson:

I appreciate your letter of June 30th regarding
Pennsylvania Cavalcade but regret that we must
apologize for failing to acknowledge the work
of Mr. John Butz Bowman on the subject of the
Schuylkill Canal. Every effort will be made to
see that this credit is made in future editions.

Yours very truly,

J. Knox Milligan
J. Knox Milligan, State Supv.
War Service Section

For the State Director
Service Division



Pottsville Free Public Library

Pottsville, Pa.

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Edith Patterson, Librarian

June 30, 1942

J. Knox Milligan,
Penna. Writers' Project
Harrisburg, Pa.

My dear Mr. Milligan:

It is a pleasure to commend the Writers Project's PENNSYLVANIA CAVALCADE, both as to make-up and content, and especially the fine article on the Schuylkill Canal.

There is, however, an injustice there which I am sure you will wish to rectify in any future editions -- for we are hoping that it will need republishing more times than once.

Mr. John Butz Bowman, of our city, wrote a book of recollections of this canal which we hold bound, though in manuscript form, here in our Library.

PENNSYLVANIA, A GUIDE TO THE KEYSTONE drew on it (p.541) so has the writer of your canal article upon pages 330-1.

No credit has been given him in either book, despite the following warning, which we placed in the book at his request and which the local Writers Project promised to respect:

"WARNING: Writers are requested to treat this material as the copyright property of John Bowman, Pottsville, Pa. All citations should give him proper credit."

Since it was I who, in my capacity as librarian, secured the manuscript from Mr. Bowman, promised that this warning should be inserted and observed, and called it to the attention of the local Writers Project, it seems a mere matter of justice to call this to your attention.

Mr. Bowman asks nothing but that credit be given him either in text, footnote, your list of acknowledgements, or in the bibliography.

Sincerely yours,

Librarian.

Canal Folk-Lore Preserved In John Bowman Book At Library

FOLK-LORE OF THE SCHUYLKILL CANAL is like those ancient chained Bibles and the old Molly Maguire books. It can be read only on the spot.

So far, it is the only one of its kind in the world, and the Pottsville Library can take no chances on diphtheria or the puppy getting this unique volume.

The author of this bound manuscript is John Bowman. He will be remembered by most of Pottsville for his terms in the City Council, and for his years in Pomeroy's store.

Schuylkill Haven folks will recall the 16 years when he commuted between Pottsville and his own store in "the Haven." Some of the older ones down there will also remember him as a bright-eyed fellow youngster playing around the docks.

It is his recollections of the old canal, of that stretch of pike from the Haven to the Horn, and of the quaint characters of long-gone days, that make up a book which will be invaluable fifty years from now.

Already few people remember that there were boats on the Schuylkill Canal, "the Chunkers," which could be separated in two halves. Or that there were families who spent the summer on their cana' boats in New York harbor, and came back to Schuylkill Haven for the winter, where their boys went to a special school.

(Like the breaker boys who attended night school in Minersville, about the same time, the boat boys needed an iron-handed teacher!)

Nor does the Library know of any other book which tells of the camp meetings at Lakeside, the G. A. R. picnics at "The Eck," nor that Schnickel Fritz and Vunder Nause went about to do mischief and pry,

while Hans Wurst was a "Spatzmacher" and made fun of everybody.

H. Carl Wilson, of the Court House, was another authority on the old canal days. It was he who collected all the photographs he could find, and Mr. Bowman's book preserves some of these. Anderson's mules again draw the boat, Bruce, down the Blue Mountain Dam. Back of what is now Schuylkill Haven's Town Hall, Dam No. 7 is again seen filled with both company and private owners' boats, with scow type craft and with cargo type, while the "Schwetta Barrack" (Second Mountain) can be seen in the distance.

The Work Projects Administration typed the manuscript, and the Library is proud to add this volume to the folklore of Judge Henning, George Korson, some of Judge Haas' chapters, Mrs. Elliot's and Mrs. Krebs' books, W. H. Newell's stories, and Frank Bannan's pamphlet.

Few counties have so good a representation — but then not every county has had such varied and picturesque yarns to preserve.

Throughout the county there are many of the older people who remember the quaint customs of sixty or more years ago, or who have had family traditions handed down to them from still older days. Our young people should take these down, for future descendants, because these have been times of great change.

The surest way of preserving them, of course, is also to send a copy either to the Pottsville Library or the Historical Society next door.

While the Writers' Project collected some of these old tales, many more of canal, railroad, and mine should be preserved — no matter how crudely.



John B. Bowman

FOLKLORE

of the

SCHUYLKILL CANAL

Vol. I

by

John Butz Bowman

Pottsville, Pa..... 1940

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to treat this material as the copy-
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him proper credit.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author is indebted to Miss Edith Patterson, Librarian of the Pottsville, Pennsylvania, Free Public Library, for her encouragement and appreciation. She did her best to keep me writing these papers, so that they may become an authority on folklore and historical tales, for future generations.

The pictures of the Canal were reproduced from the collection of H. Carl Wilson, court stenographer in Pottsville, life-long resident of Schuylkill Haven, and authority on Schuylkill Canal history.

John B. Bowman

John Butz Bowman,

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Bowman having written two papers, for the Mid-Winter Educational Club, upon his memories of old canal days, the Pottsville Free Public Library begged them for its local history files.

Finding that his sense of humor, the keenness of his boyish observation, and his mature memory had stored up many more recollections of this region, the Librarian not only encouraged but, we fear, even prodded him into writing these down.

These were copied by the Library's Works Progress Administration typists, illustrated by family and canal photographs, and bound into this present book, FOLKLORE OF THE SCHUYLKILL CANAL.

It is safe to say that no novelist using the Schuylkill County of the Seventies and Eighties as his locale, no annalist of the old Schuylkill Canal, can fail to draw upon this alert and intelligent witness.

The Library is proud to add this volume of folklore to those of Henning, Kerson and Haas, Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Henry. With the shorter contributions of W. H. Newell and Frank Bannon, this is an unusual array for a single county. --though one must grieve over the still richer and earlier store which has perished unwritten.

JOHN BUTZ BOVIAN was born in Schuylkill Haven, May 9, 1868. He lived in that town until he was about nineteen and then came to Pottsville. Here he lived the rest of his life, except six months in Crwigsburg and three years in Bethlehem.

In both places he went into business for himself as a merchant.

Although living in Pottsville, he commuted daily to his shoe store in Schuylkill Haven, for sixteen years.

The rest of his active business years he was in the department store of Dives, Pomeroy and Stewart in Pottsville.

After his retirement he spent ten years as city councilman of Pottsville. It was following this period of public service that he pencilled what have now become chapters in a manuscript volume.

Edith Patterson

February 1, 1941

LIBRARIAN.

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EARLY SCHUYLKILL BOATMEN AND THEIR WAYS

There was once a Philosopher who came to a wide canal and engaged a Boatman to row him across. When they had gone a small part of the way, he asked the Boatman whether he had read Plato. He answered, " No. " The Philosopher said, " Then one-third of your life is lost. " After going a little way farther, he again asked whether he had read Socrates. The Boatman replied, " No. " " Then two-thirds of your life is lost. "

Whereupon the Boatman asked the Philosopher, " Can you swim? " The Philosopher answered, " No. " " Then the whole of your life is lost, as the boat has sprung a leak and is now rapidly sinking, " said the Boatman.

Through populous cities, thriving villages, from the coal regions of Pennsylvania to Philadelphia, New York City, City of Washington, and sometimes through the entire state of New York, three-hundred-and-sixty miles ran the coal-hauling canals.

Like Mark Anthony, for days and days along the green-tufted tow-path (his flowery Nile) the canal boatman indolently floated, openly toying with his Cleopatra. So said a recent writer.

When one is ^{old} young, the years of youth are as a silver streak in one's memory, but when one is young, Time, that imperative master, drags us along in the dust of passing events. So to properly describe the fights, horse trades, and stealing of one another's women, as I recall them on the Schuylkill Canal during my early boyhood, beggars my powers of description. Had I the powers of Edmunds, the uiniversity graduate who wrote "Rome Haul", a story of the Erie Canal, I am sure that I could make this paper just as interesting.

There is no dignity in wickedness, whether in velvet or rags, and the vicinity of Schuylkill Haven where the boats were loaded was a democracy of Hell filled with devils, where all were equal. Yet not all boatmen were bad and hard, however, all had to be, sometime, as occasion required. From the deck of the boat and the towpath, I have seen arise ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, politicians, business men, manufacturers, drunkards, and thieves.

There were three distinct classes of boatmen and boats: the river **boatman**, the individual boatman, and the company boatman. The boats were very much alike, but the men were vastly different.

The river boatman was one who took his load of coal the first trip out in Spring, went down the canal, and did not return until the last trip in Fall, having done barge service on the rivers about Philadelphia, New York City, or on the Erie Canal. His boat was similar to a company boat but, often, of a larger type. The individual boatman owned his own boat and team, employed his own bowsman and driver, while the company boatman possessed nothing. The company furnished boat, team, and driver. However, the captain found the bowsman, but the company paid him. The cabin of the boat was their home, when they made it so, perhaps several hours at night. It consisted of a very small room in the stern, just under the long tiller attached to the rudder. There were four bunks or sleeping places, two on each side of the room, one above the other, hardly long enough for a man to stretch out, —one each for the three men, the other for Cleopatra, when there was one. A very small table (more often a box answered the purpose), no chairs (the two lower bunks took their places when sitting was necessary) were other furnishings. The cooking was done on deck on a small stove, which was removed to the cabin when occupied all Winter. There were no steps descending, but a small ladder answered the purpose. Bedding was a scarce article. Two small windows at the rear gave light and air.

We will now deal with each class separately, taking the river boatmen first. He was, as a class, the first. Yet let us not give the impression that the rest were bad, for there were very many just as good among the two other classes, --religious God-fearing men, who were the fathers of respectable intelligent families. As I have stated, his business was mostly about the large cities and apparently more lucrative. Their associations and homes were often better. Some of them settled in New York City and Philadelphia and became rich. I refer to James McWilliams, of Schuylkill Haven, and James T. O'Donnel, of Mount Carbon. Both became owners of a fleet of barges and presidents of transportation companies in New York City.

Tom S. was a neighbor of J. D.'s. J. D. was a river man. Tom used to tell the story that he heard an unusual noise one night and got up to investigate. He found J. D.'s three boys throwing water against the house. When he asked where the fire was, they said, "Pop's just come home. He has been sleeping out on the harbor all Summer and, when he got in, he complained he couldn't sleep so well on land, and we have to stay out all night and throw water up against the house. "

The "Individual Boatman" owned his own boat, but it was under the supervision of the canal company.

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The company could determine when he had to make repairs, or condemn it when beyond reconstruction. His boat was like other boats, with one exception, --just in the center there was hung a small stable, part above deck and part below, large enough to house the team. A small portable bridge, strong enough to bear a mule or horse, was let down to the towpath, and the team was run up at night or when the boat was not in the service along the canal. When waiting for a load at the docks, the team could be housed at the stables owned by the saloon-keepers, who gave them free rental in order to procure the patronage of their owner.

On the individual boat, the captain came first; he was the boss and did little else besides steering and blowing the horn for the lock-tender. His place was always at the tiller. The bowsman's place was at the bow; he had charge of the tow-line, had to pull it on deck at the approach of every lock, had to take the rope fender and let it down between the boat and any wall that they might approach. Especially at the locks, this was a dangerous task. Many lost their lives by being bumped off into the locks when the boat contacted, and it was invariably sure death, as there

was no checking the momentum as the boat came on, squeezing the victim to death. The bowsman also had to cook the meals. The captain ate first, the bowsman second, the driver last, and he had to wash the dishes. The driver and bowsman shared one another's tasks during the meal hour, while the captain paid all attention to the steering.

There were always two on deck and one on the tow-path. The driver's main duty was the team, --he had to do the driving, clean the team when cleaned, look after the stable and help the lock-keeper with the wickets, in opening and closing the locks. He had to put the team on board each night or find a suitable place to feed and bed them along the tow-path. It was not always easy for an individual captain to secure his help. He was responsible for this condition himself, because of the quality of the food he furnished and his own temperment. The man called "Dumpling Jim" owned his own home, raised a family beyond reproach, was kind and friendly, yet always seeking help. The reason was that he compelled his bowsman to cook dumplings daily, (hence his name "Dumpling Jim") and his prospective help did not care to live upon duff.

Then there was "Bucket Bill" McDonald, who was on a par with "Dumpling Jim". He was one of those very sweet men, especially to young boys just big enough to drive a team. When he heard that a boy friend of mine wanted to make a vacation trip, he lost no time in looking

him up and, with another boy about the same age, they pulled out. The first day went all right until night came. Darkness meant just about half the day. They kept ^{on} until early in the morning, when they were allowed to go to their bunks. Before daylight, he soused a bucket of water down the cabin way, right over my friend,* in order to wake him up again. Too far away to walk back home, and without money, he had to keep on. With this method of waking, poor food and very little rest, they had to continue on. When within walking distance of home, on the return trip, my friend abandoned the team and lit out. "Bucket Bill" kept the boy's pay, also his own alias. My friend became a professional man and his name can be found among the past members of the "Mid-winter Educational Club".

Among the individual boatmen were many veterans of the Civil War. They owned their own homes and boats, some were farmers from the surrounding country and quite a number came from Berks County. They worked their farms between trips or left that work to the folks at home. Some came from Port Carbon, Palo Alto, and Pottsville. I know very little of the canal north of Schuylkill Haven. I recall boats going as far north as the Seven Stars, with lime stone delivered to the limekiln that was in operation, opposite the barn located at Dives' Bungalow. It was closed from there up before I was born. However, I do remember * John Stauffer, later a well known Schuylkill Haven lawyer

... that day ...
... first day ...
... about half the ...
... when they were allowed ...
... before daylight, he covered a ...
... right over my ...
... too far away to walk back ...
... he had to keep ...
... poor food and very little rest ...
... then with a walking distance of ...
... my friend abandoned the ... and left ...
... kept the ... also his own ...
... and became a professional ... and his name ...
... and the best members of the ...-winter ...
... and many ...
... they owned their own ... and ...
... on the surrounding country and ...
... on Burke County. They worked their ...
... left that work to the ...
... Palo Alto ...
... north of Schuykill Haven ...
... north of the Green ...
... Jimmie ...
... Dive ...
... 2702 ...

the canal bed filled with water almost to Port Carbon, and I caught cat fish and terrapin as far up as Garrettts Locks at Cane Horn.

Mr. Charles Kline, of North George Street, Pottsville, who is now about eighty years old, says that he delivered the last boat load of iron ore to the Atkins' Furnaces, then located on the island where Phillips-Jones factories now are.

There was Alex Geiger, a splendid man, well thought of by all, but he forgot, or did not know, that while all bridges were high on the Schuylkill Canal, some were lower **than** others. So when he was given a load that took him into the Raritan, he neglected to blow his horn for the bridge tender to draw bridge and the boat struck with such force that it put both bridge and canal out of service until proper repairs could be made.

The story went the rounds that Mrs. S. wrote to a head official that their rule Life had died, and Jack was in so poor a condition **that** they had to give him away. " J. L. had loaned Bill money to buy a pair of mules, and now he says he is going to take them, if I do not let him come to see me when Bill is away. What shall I do to save the team? "

The Company boatman, as I have said, owned nothing. There were good people among them. Many young men preferred the canal to the railroad,

boat yards and the landings, and they got a start by taking out a company boat. Sometimes an unfortunate without a home, with a small family would sign up during the season, remaining on the boat all Winter, and became very poor and desolate in their small quarters. I can recall instances where they almost starved, before their condition became known. Money was scarce, but a dollar bought much in those days and the good people of the neighborhood always tided them over until boating began. As a class, the company boatmen comprised the riffraff, hoodlums, and drunkards, with fallen women. Nearly every captain had his women and I have never seen or read anything like I observed as a small boy, regarding women and men about the docks at Schuylkill Haven.

The captain had his bowsman whose duties were the same as on the other boats, but the company furnished the team and driver. He was called a station driver because he drove between stations. The company had stations at intervals along the canal. The driver could not be imposed upon by the captain, as he drove from station to station, where he fed himself and team during the day and bedded down at night. Among them

were many ruffians and fighters, but I am in doubt whether they were the majority as many fine young men took teams as their first regular jobs. It paid well for a grown boy. He was given good grub and ready money paid by the company. I know one excellent M. E. clergyman that was a station driver, and plenty of good businessmen.

I recall when Schuylkill Haven established a school for boat boys, segregating them from the rest of us. The teacher's name was Helm or Helms. It's hard to recall just what they did to him, but plenty. The boys were big and rough. Among other things, J. R. held the teacher out of the window by the seat of his pants. The school wasn't a success, was closed, and the next Winter we had them with us again, and I had the pleasure of seeing "Shivery" Reed chew "Piggy" Frey's ear. They looked more like men than boys and were fighting out an old canal feud.

The company captain had no money as a rule, when ready to pull out. The store-keeper grubstaked him for the trip. The company stood good for the grubstake, taking it out of the captain's pay when he returned. The merchant could not lose. The docks were surrounded by high walls that supported the landings, from which the coal was

was shot down by immense chutes into the boats. Often in the Spring, the ice melted on the canal levels long before it did within the docks. This being the case, when it was time for shipping to begin, salt was distributed all around the boats to melt the ice. The boatmen and canal employees then cut the ice into immense cakes and holed them down into the open levels, where they readily melted.

Boys were always welcome on the boats.

The bowsmen would let us ride along, if we helped him with his duties, such as pulling in the line, etc. We rode frequently from Schuylkill Haven to Landingville, loaded, ~~returning~~ light. One Saturday morning, three of us decided to go as far as Auburn. That was some distance in those days. We arrived there hungry and tired, and while waiting for a light boat two of us pooled our pennies, (the other boy did not have any) and bought a raisin pie. The third boy did not say anything, but when we handed him his share, he took it, looked it over, and with a tear in his voice, he said, " I don't eat raisin pie at home, and I'll be damned if I'll eat it now! " and with that he flung it out into the water. It was two to one for a few seconds, but when a boat pulled into the locks all was forgiven.

Many boatmen owned small boats, or bateaus, and lots of citizens had them, too. This afforded a great deal of pleasure after shipping hours and on Saturday afternoons. I recall that a picnic party from Minersville came down one day by railroad train. They hired Matamore Hall, (which long ago passed into history) as a place to erect their tables, and spent the entire day upon the canal, engaging small boats and riding from lock to lock on regular ones. We boys mixed with theirs and showed them the ropes. They learned plenty and had a happier time than in a picnic grove.

With the closing of the canal went many pleasures of the town people, --boating, fishing, swimming, skating, etc. The spillways and dams were broken by the canal company and the polluted waters of the Schuylkill were permitted to rush through the levels.

My earliest memory of a boatman was, as a child three or four years old, looking through the bars of a gate, at a teamster with a team of three mules hitched tandem style, rearing and kicking. The teamster cursing and shouting, they made their way from the street to the side walk in front of me, the clatter of their many iron shod hoofs on the pavement and the bubblub and bullabaloo of the driver, so affrighted me.

that I ran crying into the house, " I can't stand my brains. " " John can't stand his brains" has been a great source of pleasure to my older brothers and sisters to this day.

At the extreme end of Schuylkill Haven was located "Geiger's Locks", kept by Mom and Pop Geiger. This was the first lock out and the last lock in, on the home stretch, hence there was constant quarreling and turmoil at this point, each trying to get the locks first. Many fights took place here. More were started and finished, when time permitted. The place took on the name of "Quarrelly Point" and that section of the town is called so to this day.

About the docks were five business places: one sold milk, eggs, cakes, and pies, the other four were saloons --and plenty more on Dock Street. Contention and strife existed at these places almost constantly. You could seldom find out why they were fighting. Someone would yell "Fight!" and the crowd would gather. However, it was always known that when certain rivals came together scores would be settled.

The Schuylkill Canal had it's best men on it, like other canals. In this case he was not a bully, but a fighter when he had to fight. I

only saw him in action once. He was sober, self-possessed, and confident. There were ten men trying to conquer him, -- two had only one arm. He beat them down, he kicked them away, he flung them into one another. Faces were smashed by powerful blows, and finally he stood triumphant in the middle of the ring, his shirt in ribbons, a tower of strength, defying the crowd.

Then there was the fight between the Burns Twins and John Davis. Davis was a powerful man of excellent physique, always sober and of good character. It's always been a mystery to me how he could have become mixed with the Burns'. The Twins were, especially Ed, always drunk and quarrelsome. They were slight of built. Frank, the quieter of the two, was the best quoit thrower I ever knew at that time or since. I cannot recall its cause, but the fight was a good one, if two to one can be called so. It seemed at the start that Davis would be too much for them. He knocked them down as fast as they came in, but when down the other was up, when one was out the other was in. While one fought furiously, the other would slow up and get his wind, turn about. Davis' breathing came in gasps. He began to ask bystanders

to keep them away as he did not want to hurt them, a sure sign, of the handwriting on the wall in a fighter. He made a kick at Ed and Frank grabbed the leg. Ed dove in and pushed him backward, on his back, and they were upon him like two terriers, beat his face to a pulp in no time, until he screamed for mercy, and the crowd pulled them away.

I stood on the outside of a fight, too small to get in front, at which a man bit Jim Drewerie's lower lip off. Jim went to the Almshouse. I saw him in after years, from time to time, with his horrid mutilated face.

One night I was awakened by a great commotion, as of a man and woman quarreling. I arose, dressed, and slipped into the shadow of the buildings. A saloon keeper was having a difficulty with a familiar character. He had evidently beat her up. The place was lit up and it was a bright moonlight night. Quite a large number of boatmen had gathered on the outside and were cursing and taunting the man inside, calling him "women licker", etc. Finally I heard Paddy Belton say, "I'll fix the woman killer" and in he went, but just as soon he came rolling out with a chair on top of him. The man inside had stood ready, tray in one hand, a chair raised, ready to strike with the other.

As Paddy crossed the threshold, he cut him full length across the forehead with the waiter and brought the chair down on his head.

I recall many fights at which everything went: gouging of eyes, biting of fingers, when an opponent tried to tear his antagonist's cheek.

This was common --also kicking in the face or ribs.

The principals, in most fights, I have forgotten or never knew. The only one I ever thought right was when a boy of about nineteen years beat up a man of thirty-five or forty for having blackened the face of his friend's father, with shoeblack while he lay asleep, drunk, on a bench.

CHARACTERS OF THE CANAL

Mr. E. lived in town. I don't know much about him. I went to school with his children and they were all right, but their father was always pointed out as the man who had stolen a regiment's whole pay, from the tent of the army paymaster, during the Rebellion.

The Hon. Mr. L. was no better than the average drunkard when he was on the canal. He became a ward-heeler, spent term after term in the Legislature, rose to the State Senate, and was appointed Governor

of the Territory of New Mexico, during Bett Quay's dictatorship.

There was old Captain Burket, a genuine Civil War captain. But when Blandy Eckert stole his wife, he placed his right hand on his left side and went around telling people that the skin of his heart was broke.

George W. was the dirtiest, most drunken character on the canal, always talking fight but never fighting. The best natured among good natured, always singing. It was said that his little verses were original. There were very short and one ran something like this:

" Way down deep in the diving bell
At the bottom of the deep blue sea,
Pretty little mermaids,
Sweet little mermaids
All come courting me. "

He was constantly teased by everyone, always chasing children, but good-naturedly, not catching them. I have seen George so low, that he picked from a dung pile an ox wind pipe and commenced eating it. He stole my bulldog, Mike. The dog was a killer. George had made trips with the man who ^{had} owned him, ^{a canal boat captain,} and Mike knew him. ^{once} Mike had caught

and bit fast to the nose of one of the captain's mules and almost smothered him before they got him loose. The captain beat the dog into insensibility when he let go, and they pulled out, leaving him sore and starving about the docks. My older brother brought him home and a neighbor grocer gave me a spoiled ham which Mike devoured at one meal. He caused us lots of trouble and anxiety during the years we had him. One night George came and unhooked the gate and they went away together. George came back but the dog did not. The rumors were that he had **traded** Mike for whiskey at Mount Carbon and that Mike was being used for fighting purposes about Pottsville. When the canal closed, George went to the Soldiers Home. Years after, he visited old scenes, **apparently** a different man, but he hunted up a lot of old derelicts, bought a barrel of beer and had a party in the woods north of town.

Heffer Richards was the meanest boatman on the canal, a deceitful, lying hypocrite. He was so **mean** that (after having lived with the lowest class of women for years) when he was put on a wagon and taken to the Almshouse to die of a rotten disease, he pointed to the woman he was then living with, and **begged**, " That woman is killing me. " Someone yelled, " Who cares? "

Old Mike Monahan was the biggest liar among the boatmen. We used to enjoy him. He stuttered and one evening, he began, " Why, why, what, the place in Ireland I came from, a mermaid swam up the River Shannon. She went to a rick of hay and shed her scales. A young man married her and they had two boys. " Just then John Davis, not the John Davis of the Burns-Davis fight, but Johnnie Davis that lived on East Norwegian Street and died about two years ago at a very old age, grabbed a tin bucket from the water barrel and hit Old Mike somewhere about the head. That ended the story. Mike got up and went into the saloon. I asked John why he hit him. He replied, " That old liar? I heard that story before. He would have told you kids that, one night before daylight, she got up, went to the rick of hay, put on her scales and swam down the river. "

Old Bowsman is supposed to have been the largest man ever on the canal or in these parts. My memory of him is more heresay than actual; yet, I have a faint recollection of his funeral. I can see the six white mules drawing one of Yuenglin's beer

wagons, in which he was conveyed to the grave, there being no hearse large enough to hold the casket. He was so fat that he floated on water, with a block of wood under his head; he could take a snooze or read a paper while floating. He became so large that it was necessary for the company to build a separate little building at the locks for him, which was mostly all door in front, as it was impossible for him to go through the door of the lock house where he resided.

The Jayhawker and Bill Liby were, as in "Treasure Island", the man with one leg and the man with the hook. Jayhawker hopped on a peg, had only half of a nose on his face and was all that his name implies, and of him I will have something to say later.

Of Liby, the man with the hook, we were all afraid, so was most everyone. He displayed his hook constantly as a weapon and was reputed to be a great fighter and bad man. I saw a fellow character discharge a pistol at him, almost face to face. Bill fell like a log and the man ran away, then Bill got up and said, "Well I beat the trigger that time." He had let himself fall just as the man fired.

White Billie Hains was a tall old whiskey drinker, too old to fight. Wonderful stories were told of his

fight, as a prize fighter, about the cities of New York and Philadelphia way beyond the days of Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan.

There were plenty of bad women on the Schuylkill Canal, with many few good ones. The latter were the wives and daughters of respectable boatmen, and were making mostly outing trips. Among the former was Kitty Sands, Mary Ryan, Patsy Hurligan's wife, Ellen Feory, "The Handsome Blonde" and many others.

Patsy Hurligan was rated the smartest man on the canal, expert clerk and telegraph operator, but whiskey brought him down to the lowest level. When he died in the Almshouse, the G.A.R. buried him on their lot in Union Cemetery. A lone woman was the only mourner. She had long been known as a low character, and after Patsy's grave was closed, she went to live on the boat of Willoughby Serls, the mulatto. I never knew anything real bad regarding Willoughby, but to keep her from men and drink he stripped off her clothes. She got away and came up on Dock Street with nothing on but a short chemise. Ellen Feory had many aliases: Old Ellen, Ham and Eggs, Cinderella, Tho stole the ham etc. Nothing was too low for her to do. She lived upon whiskey, always cursing, scolding, blaspheming and yelling at the top of her voice on the public streets, and would raise her skirts and

jig dance in the midst of her tantrums. She went up the pike to Pottsville and to jail, when the canal closed and was kept there.

The big Handsome Blonde came up the canal on a return trip with one of the boatmen. She immediately attracted the attention of the horde. One of the men concerned told me, in after years, that she had entertained twenty-four men in one afternoon, in an adjacent thicket. There was one Negro among them and they compelled him to strip off his clothes. The girl married and tried to lead a good life; however, at about the age of forty-five, she went insane and committed suicide by cutting her throat.

The first I knew the Jayhawker, he had with him a wife and her daughter, Sallie. He had a peg leg and ^{the} half of his nose was gone, making a disagreeable noise when he spoke. His wife died and, on her death bed, warned him that she was coming back to spook him. This caused him a great deal of uneasiness. However, he went down the canal with Sallie on board. She ran away; but the Jayhawker came back with a very little woman, thin and emaciated and an ideal specimen of debauchery. He called her his Kitty. They were together several seasons. One evening about dusk, Mary Ryon and Kitty came home, drunk as usual, after a day away from the boat. Kitty, in the lead, went up the plank first. They arrived at the inner boat all right, but in step-

ning on the outer one, Kitty tripped at the stern cleat and went head foremost into the water. Mary was too drunk to hook her out with a pole, she just screamed for help. When it came, Kitty was drawn on board, but had ceased to breathe. Through ignorance or drink, there was no effort made to restore her. In the meantime, boy like, I nosed in. I can see the Jayhawker now, standing there with Mary Ryon, opposite the body of Kitty stretched out on the hatch between them. He blasphemed and cried unto God, cursing Mary and yelling "Mary Ryon, you S-of-a-B, you drowned my Kitty," then he would take the body up in his arms and moan, lay it down again, and cry unto Heaven. This was kept up until the coroner came with his jury. Kitty was carried from the deck unto the saloon and the inquest held; "accidental death by drowning" the verdict. The old darkey from the Almshouse put all that was left of her in a pine box and she was driven away to the Potters Field.* But the irony of Kitty's fate was, that the Jayhawker's boat was called for a load the next day. Then he stole Mary Ryon, whom he had accused of murdering Kitty, from Noah Cross and went with her down the canal.

There were plenty of other drownings that I recall. One evening an unidentified man came up to the surface. He had been in the water so long that he wasn't fit to look at. His knees were drawn up under his chin and so stiff that the old Darkey from the Almshouse had to crack his joints in

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order to put him in the pine box.

One morning, it was rumored that a man had drowned himself during the night. I ran and got my grappling hook that I used when fishing with the outlines and made all haste to the tow-path. There were several before me dragging from small boats for the body. I made many casts with my hook without success, when a boatman jumped from the stern of a boat and took the hook away from me. He threw slantingly under the stern of a house boat, used by the company to store canal supplies. The hook caught and, as he pulled, I saw the head rise out of the water, with its beard plastered to the side of its face. With the body was entangled the branch of a tree and, upon it, a broken fish line with a large cat fish upon the hook. A basket half filled with stones was hooked in the crotch of the elbow of the corpse. The man had committed suicide.

The Negroes of the canal were not as quarrelsome as the white men. To be sure, they were in the minority. Black Billie Haines was a giant Negro, coal-black and had only one arm. He was supposed to have been a very bad man. I cannot recall any particular things that he had done, other than it was common to hear, " Black Billie Haines is in jail again. "

Jim Emery was a typical African Negro. He wore his hair coiled high upon his head, like a woman's old-fashioned waterfall and always went without a hat. Everyone was afraid of Jim. It was said that he could cut off the upper button of your shirt with one slash, without cutting your throat. I saw him sitting on a snub post, threatening with his razor to carve a big Mulletto, sitting across the canal, who had a revolver leveled at Jim to keep him from swimming over.

At the various saloons, there was always some white man fiddling for Jim -- "Turkey in the Straw", etc.; and, on most quite nights, strains of song and music came up from the canal. Uncle Josh, a well-beloved, well-dressed Negro would take his guitar and sing "Old Black Joe", and :

" The sun do move, the sun do move,
That's what the colored preacher preaches,
Way down Souf, upon his knees,
He will say that the sun do move. "

Benjamin Walker played the autoharp; and Oh! my! how he could sing "I Took My Girl to the Ball One Night; It was a fancy hop" and " Pretty Little Mary; she was the keeper of a dairy. " He was a member of that Negro quartette that sang on the streets during Pottsville's Centennial. He told me that he had followed

the show business with success since the close of the canal.

Jumbo was a three-hundred pound Negro without any manhood, a big baby that would cry piteously when the boys teased him. He used to tell that he did not know what had become of his mother. She had been a slave; his father had been a "Buck Nigger", kept for breeding purposes. When Jumbo sat back of a hot stove, he fairly fried out and perfumed the whole surroundings. Six or eight darkey men with bones, tambos, banjos, etc., would give concerts in front of the saloons and pass around the hat. They sang many songs, some that I have never heard since, "Carve Dat 'Possum", "Get Away From the Window", "My Darling and My Love" and many others. Years after the canal closed, at the Nazareth Fair, I saw the same troop in front of a large tent, with their funny man going through his antics, singing "Carve Dat 'Possum". They went inside, and the white barker cried, "Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Go inside and hear the funny sayings of these original Africans. "

The Negro women were worse than the men. Like on our own Minersville Street, they were run after by the white dogs of both town and canal. There were

two women, Pennsylvania Dutch mother and daughter, who were among the worst. I remember "Old Quittada" as a dried-up, little Dutch darkey woman who had outgrown her usefulness. When teased and annoyed, she would try to say, "Quit that", and it came out "Quit-s-dad!" It was said to know her, "Quittada", was to bring good luck, and the soldiers on forlough during the Civil War went to see her before they went back to the front. I have written these things from the silver streak in an old man's memory of a happy boyhood. He was casting about for knowledge among the boatmen of the Schuylkill Canal, which helped him resolve the philosophy of life, while time dragged him along in the dust of passing events.

Read before the Mid-Winter Educational
Society, Feb. 1937.

John B. Bowman.

For more than half a century, the Schuylkill Canal which floated anthracite coal southward through one of Pennsylvania's most picturesque valleys has been little more than a moss lined hollow in the earth. Filled in stretches of it, in many places, have even become the very highway over which roll the trucks of hard coal bootleggers intent upon Philadelphia in steady procession.

For fifty-two years, water has been passing over the dam since those romantic days which ended in the Spring of 1886 when orders came to close the canal at Schuylkill Haven, spreading general consternation and disappointment among the boatmen and business men in general there near the source of operations. The typical old boatmen have vanished long since, but some of their sons remains to find new opportunities in the closed haunts of their fathers. Upon rare occasions, I meet them, and we reminisce of the days that none but us remember. Canal boat days which have vanished into history.

From my early boyhood I had the impression that a chapter of the Mollie McGuire's had existed among the Schuylkill Boatmen. After dilligent research and inquiry among my old acquaintances, I could not find anything definate. One old gentlemen, said, yes, there was such an order, that called themselves the "Schuylkill Rangers" and that if the "Heiser" brothers were living they could tell me all about it, as they were instrumental in breaking it up. However, Joshua Heiser, was drowned off his boat at Auburn several years before the canal closed and his brother Ed became a vetinary surgeon and moved to Pottsville. The "Daily Miners Journal" of September 23rd, 1865 mentions the fact of an Irishman firing a shot into a store on Centre Street. I quote from the same paper of same date, the following: "Four Irishmen boarded ^{two} a boat passing through the Locks at Landingville. Two seated themselves at the bow and two at the stern. As the boat passed up the dam the men gathered around the captain and demanded his money. He replied he had but seven dollars and they could have that. One of them Owen Mullin, struck the Capt. with a billy. The captain's son, a small boy, who had by his fathers' direction gone down and loaded a gun came up the cabin steps, and placing the gun near Mullin's head, fired the contents through the head of the robber, killing him instnatly. Maloy lived on the flats at Schuylkill Haven and was known to be a desperate character. After Mullin was shot the rest of the men attempted to seize Capt. Smith, but he sprang overboard and swam ashore. The son followed him by jumping through the cabin window. The ruffians threw the tiller at the Captain but missed him. The robbers pulled the boat to the shore and escaped. Every good citizen will feel a sense of relief that such a scoundrel as Mullin has been disposed of, and earnestly hope that other wretches in this county when caught in crime may be sent the same road as quickly.

The same paper on September 30, 1865 stated that they had robbed John Koehler. I interviewed Mr. Koehler, who is now Ninety-One years old and lives at 5th and Market Streets, Pottsville. He said "yes" that's so, I came driving along in a buggy, dongling a billy--everyone went armed in those days, they had too. I was thinking how I would sock anyone that tackled me, when all at once the horse stopped, I looked forward to see what stopped him, when a powerful brute grabbed me from the side of the buggy and slung me out, they beat me up and robbed me of \$3.50. They were the Schuylkill Rangers and also beat up John Drill and Tom Trimble."

The Miners Journal June 27, 1835 mentions a strike of 40 or 50 boats out of 5,000.

July 4, 1835 mentions the arrest of 17 ring leaders.

Two or three hundred accompanied by a band invaded Pottsville. Several leaders were arrested, others escaped, being hotly persued by the sheriff. Military Companies were held in readiness to march. About a dozen Pottsville ~~men tried~~ men tried peacably to pass up a boat through Hamburg and were assailed. They then had arrests made.

Many veterans of the Civil War were Schuylkill Boatmen. They would come into my place of business and relate by the hour their experiences. One outstanding statement was that Co. C of the 50th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers was composed of 94 men, 60 of whom were Schuylkill Canal Boatmen.

They were used to all kinds of hardships, day and night they weathered the storm along the canal. October 19, 1861 they were shipped with four other companies on the steamer "Winfield Scott" their destination the Union army in South Carolina. On November 1st off Cape Hattress in a storm the vessel sprung a leak, and was deserted by some of her officers and men. All were given up as lost and strong men went down on their knees in prayer. Then the Schuylkill Boatmen took a hand, led by Captain Burket a boatman, they caulked the leaks with rags, canvas, hem^p and whatsoever they could use to purpose. They manned the pumps and brought her safely to Hilton Head in South Carolina. These men were heroes, they were. Not only did they save in the neighborhood of 500 lives, but also 500 men to the Union cause.

The canal was incorporated March 8, 1815 and was closed at Schuylkill Haven in 1886. Pending orders were filled during that year, with only one landing out of twelve working and slack time at that. In 1887 the last boat was loaded at the docks. The Canal Company removed its boats to other scenes of industry, and the mules were sent to the mines and the Company Farm. However, about 12 mules were kept at the stables on Canal Street -- which is now that beautiful "Park Way" at Schuylkill Haven. Soon after the orders came to close, someone set fire to these immense stables. Suspects there were in plenty, names were whispered about, but no arrests were made. This was perhaps the largest and hottest fire the town has ever had, though, to be sure, not the most destructive. I got there when it was well under way. I saw the roasting of seven mules in their stalls, they were down and dead when I arrived. The stench of roasted flesh permeated the air for miles around and lasted many days. Several days after the fire had cooled, these carcasses were removed and buried in the sand below "Quarrells Point". During the late depression some of the neighboring citizens worked this sand over for the coal it contained and unearthed the skeletons of these mules. Carl Wilson procured a skull of one of them, which is very likely the one remaining relic of the canal mule and is now on exhibition at Dr. Himes garage. "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well."

A life insurance agent received an applicant for a policy and was referred to an old school doctor, for an examination. This Doctor had lived through many of the years that the Schuylkill Canal had been in operation. He also helped to bring most of the babies during those years. The applicant answered all of the questions very satisfactory until he came to the one, "What did your father die of?" He replied consumption. This alone would disqualify him for a policy. But the Doctor wrote at the foot of the question -- "This man does not know who his father was. During the time of the Schuylkill Canal, men left their homes far from two to six weeks at a time." The applicant got a policy.

The Company's removal of its boats took with them all boatmen excepting our own local individual men. With them went Willoughby Searls the mulatto, and his spouse Mag Hulligan. Their unity resulted in a little boy baby. Willoughby became at once Father, Mother, nurse and housekeeper. You could

see him most any hour of the day shopping, or doing his work on the boat, with the baby, in a long white slip, asleep on his arm. Mag took to the saloons and the road as soon as she was able. Willoughby with the baby, would go from saloon to saloon at night, endeavoring to get her back to the boat. Early one morning he found her on the bench in front of McCaffery's saloon. He pleaded with her, in an undertone, always mindful of the neighbors, to come home with him and the baby. Mag retorted "I am no Mary Ryan or Davy Sand's woman, I want you to know I am a respectable woman." Several years after their disappearance, I read a first page story in the Philadelphia Press telling how Willoughby had fallen down the cabin steps of his boat, and broke his neck. When found, a four year old little boy, nearly starved, said his Father was asleep and he couldn't wake him up to get bread. The article stated that the city would bury the father and the boy would become its ward. Where Mag was and what became of her finally, I never learned, but I saw her years later on a trolley car between Pottsville and Schuylkill Haven, looking rather healthy and clean.

Jack Daily was the wonder-man among the boatmen; he always reminded me of Sir Walter Scot's "Black Dwarf". Jack had no legs, yet he could do about everything any normal man could. His body rested upon a very heavy horse hide mat, strapped across his shoulders. He propelled himself about as fast as an ordinary man walked, by means of two little tressels, one in each hand, which raised his body. He swung between his arms and when he landed the leather mat made a strange sliding noise. The weight of his heavy body constantly on his arms made him exceedingly strong. He could vault to any height that his hands could reach, for instance, the top of a counter, from which he would meet all comers to a boxing bout.

In the New York harbors, the "water rats" were so troublesome that it was necessary for a group of boatmen to appoint a watchman, each night, to protect their property. The river thieves would steal anything moveable. One night it was Jack's turn to watch. Three men in a boat drew along side at the bow, and Jack began to swing himself down the deck. One man came on board and seeing this grotesque being with its unique locomotion, and hearing the peculiar noise of the mat on the deck, believed the devil was after him and fell over backward into the river.

Black Billy Haines, the giant negro, and Dan Matz had a misunderstanding at the docks. Billy told Dan that when the proper time came he would settle the difficulty. It wasn't long before their boats passed in one of the levels. Billy jumped aboard Matz's boat. Matz had seen his boat coming, laid a shot gun ready and immediately blew Billie's arm off at the shoulder.

Some of these stories were related to me, and some I have recalled, since writing my last story.

When I knew White Willie Hains he was too old to fight, but they tell me he could whip them all in his time. He was matched to fight with a fighter by the name of Brown. Before the fight Billie said "Now Brown, no law suits! remember." This got Brown's nerve, when the fight began he put up both arms to defend his face and with several well directed blows to the stomach, Billie knocked him out. Then he was matched with Ted Eiser, a big powerful man with a reputation. This was to have been a great fight and take place at Frisensburg. The boatmen and sports had gathered from far and near and the whole country-side was excited. When it was time to fight, Eiser said, "Let's have a drink first." That suited Billie, when they were at the bar Eiser said, "We have known each other a long time, haven't we Billie?" "Yes!" "We have always been friends!" "Yes". "Then why should two friends like us fight?" "That's so," says Billie, and the day ended in a drinking bout at Eiser's expense, instead of a fight. Next, there was

"finger bit off, no law suits"

brought to town a man by the name of Bill Foy. He was supposed to whip Billie Hains. This fight was almost inhuman and lasted a whole day. The man was no match for Haines. Bille would knock him down but he was always up for more. Haines would knock him out and leave the place disgusted, he would come round and follow Billie from place to place the entire day until he was unable to walk.

How the boat boys whipped their teacher: In those days it was polite for one teacher to exchange schools and hear a class or two. Tony Walker was the teacher of the boys' school and he exchanged with a lady teacher in the building. Zachey Hendricks was just waiting for an opening like this, he had fortified himself with a parcel of sulphur, which he threw in the stove and smoked out the whole school. Next day Walker beat him without mercy. Hendricks broke away and ran out without his cap. The following day he knocked at the door and asked the teacher for his cap, he told him to come in and get it. "No you bring it out," said Zachey. He got the cap and extended it to the boy, who backed further away from the teacher, as though afraid he would grab him. He advanced a step or two into the doorway, when three or four of the boys' brothers dove in and pulled him out and down, and commenced to pummel him. He was a powerful man and finally got on his feet, striking out at the first face he saw, the blow caught Buckie Freehafer, who was not in any way concerned in the fight. Buckie happened to have a barrel stave in his hand and slammed it across the teacher's ear. This added very materially in subduing him! The fight continued, and the boys finally beat him to submission. It lasted a long time and caused quite a riot as most of the pupils became unmanageable and rushed out of the other schools. The men who told me how it happened, said that his teacher stood at the door and threatened any one who would try to get out. He said it was one of the regrets of his life that he did not see that fight.

When some of those soldier boatmen came home upon a furlough, they broke into Ditzel's Store. Ditzel was a rebel sympathizer. An eye witness told me that what he remembered most was, the throwing out of the furniture from the upper story of the building and the stock of merchandise into the street, also Dr. Koehlers negro coachman going up the alley with an entire sack of un-roasted peanuts on his back. Several arrests were made by the Federal Soldiers from Pottsville, who were then located on Lawton's Hill. One of the men arrested was Joe Clark who received quite an ovation as he was marched away by the soldiers. I myself was one of the band of youngsters, who in later years, would march past Ditzel's home singing, "In 1864 the soldiers broke in Ditzel's door."

Old Tom Keho related many stories of the Schuylkill Boatmen. He told that there were three old bachelors who ran a boat in partnership. They had three mules and hitched the little one in the middle, which was altogether contrary to custom. Upon reaching the ten mile level they tied up for the night, next morning they drove to the other end of the level, where they had to pay a small toll for the mules to cross the bridge. The driver handed the bridge-keeper the price of three mules, he looked at the money and then asked, "Where is the other mule?" "There", said the driver. "Well, look again," said the keeper. "Sure enough", replied the driver, "we forgot little Jerry!" They then turned the boat around with its entire cargo of coal and towed it back the whole ten miles to get the little mule! Little Jerry laughed when he saw them coming and he went "He Haw He Haw" He Haw!

~~Tom's brother related many stories of the Schuylkill Boatmen. He~~
~~related many stories of the Schuylkill Boatmen. He~~

Tom's brother Ed was the best dancer among the boatmen, also the originator of that saying, "Next song will be a jick, dance." He was so light on his feet, that he could jig on a dinner plate without breaking or getting off

of it. He was engaged to give an exhibition at a concert in Orwigsburg and when his turn came upon the program, the master of ceremonies announced "De next song will be a jick dance by Neddle Keho."

In the older days when the boats ran to Port Carbon, Mt. Carbon was a great harbor and rendezvous for the boatmen and many stories are told of occurrences there. Mat. Cummings is accountable for this one and vouches for the truth of it.

The saloon keeper had died and having been a good fellow to the boatmen, they didn't wish him to be buried before they had paid their debts, also they wanted to pay it to him and to no one else. So they got their money together, made out their receipts, went to his home, lifted the corpse out of the ice box, set it up and with a man guiding its hand the receipts were signed and the money paid before he was returned to the ice box.

Another story was that a boatman had died at Mt. Carbon. Two of his friends were thirsty, so they took the body between them, like a drunken man over to the saloon and placed it up against the bar, with its arms resting on the counter as though asleep. They ordered two whiskies and walked out, leaving the corpse. The saloon keeper said, "Here, wake up! Pay for those drinks." No answer. "Pretend yer sleeping', will you? Well, I'll wake ye up!", and he struck the corpse on the head with his bar stick, which sent it sprawling to the floor. The two boatmen, who were watching from the outside, rushed in and accused him of having murdered the man. The bar tender all affrighted, said, "It was a clear case of self defense. He drew a knife on me, and I had to defend myself."

There are innumerable stories of interest that could be told (and many that are untellable) of individual characters among the Schuylkill boatmen. In passing I shall relate a few.

David Kline worked a farm between trips on the canal. Upon returning home to the farm after a trip he found a calf missing. In order to have it returned he posted the following sign on his barn: "Notice" David Kline loosed a calf, was not a he calf, was a she calf, two behind legs was wite. \$2. fine eny man finds de calf.

Spon Nugen was a vicious "bad Egg" and was known as "the Catfish Mouth." Among many things that he did was that he went to two different shoemakers, and from each he ordered a pair of boots. Later on he went to each one and said, "My mother is well-to-do and I am from a good family. She is going to pay for them, so give me one of the boots that I may show her what they are like." From one he took a right and from the other a left. Spon, the Bum, in this way got a new pair of boots without paying for them.

There was one old timer always drunk. I cannot recall his name. Between trips on the canal, for the price of a drink, he plaited the tails and manes of horses, and bedecked them with colored tapes. These tapes he begged from the storekeepers. They came around belts of linens, dress goods etc., and were mostly of a pink color. Boy-like I always had a drawer full of them on hand. This man called me "Challie", why I do not know. He would approach me and say "Challie, gif me strings over net lauter rate." I would reply, "All right, if you make a speech first." He would then strike an attitude and begin in this manner:

"Are we to-day nobody?

This great American eagle

She flops her wings and soars on high

And what does she say?

Root hog or you die."



Copy of original picture taken by G.D. Green, Pottsville, Pa., between 1881 and 1886. Canal at Schuylkill Haven, looking south from Lock No. 12 (Bauman's Lock, Canal Street) along Dam No. 7. To the right is the entrance to the Lippincott Dock. A large number of empty boats are tied up along the tow-path and berm bank above and below the Broadway Bridge. A loaded boat is going south, towed by a tug. A dredge is at work below the bridge, with a scow alongside. The picture shows the Detweiler row of houses at the eastern end of Main Street., built in 1881 and the old Saint Matthew's Lutheran Church, with tall steeple, which was remodeled and steeple removed, in 1886. NOTE BY: H.C. WILSON

Beyond Mayberry's blacksmith shop roof in the foreground, is John Davis' saloon; back of the trees, is Bill Loy's saloon, where the Jayhawker's wife, Kitty, was drowned from one of the boats. The boats were moored two by two, just as in this picture.

Just where the dredge lies, beyond the bridge, Pliny Porter drowned himself.

Beyond the road leading to the bridge, a large culm bank will be noted. That is the site, on "the Island" of the present Irish Flats, playground.

Original print bought by me from
James McWilliams, August 25, 1915.

W. O. Wilson,

July 11, 1931.

Walter Burk was always called Paddy. When ever he passed by Shleifenheimer's house or saw Mrs. Shleifenheimer on the street he would yell "Bouva ess net so feel butter", then she would reply, "Walter Burk de mitz boe, Ich saug di mer." Walter had driven team for the Shleifenheimers and evidently helped himself to too much butter. One summer Paddy was brought home from the New York harbor all crippled with rheumatism. Everybody pitied him as he was a favorite in the neighborhood. He told the boys that if he could get some dog fat with which to rub himself, he would get well. I was too young to travel with this out-fit, yet I remember the circumstances well. Bickert, the old cobbler, had an over fat dog which they lured to the meadow, back of the boat yard and proceeded to butcher him, as they had seen butchering done about their homes. But the dog did not want to die. They held a consultation and resolved that they pitied Paddy too much, the the dog would die if they quit pitying him. Finally the dog died, and with an old iron kettle and oak chips from the boat yard they rendered his fat and presented Paddy with an ample supply.

The Crommes' were good respectable boatmen. Sam was known as the biggest eater on the canal. It was said that his appetite was so great, that he was refused a "back-load" of oysters for fear he would eat the cargo before it reached its destination.

Old John Bader kept a saloon on Dock Street. He seemed to be the butt for the tricksters among the boatmen desiring free drinks. One man hid a bottle of water under his coat, then asked Bader for a bottle of gin which he also put under his coat, telling him to charge it until after the next trip. Bader refused whereupon he drew out the bottle of water and said "Here take back your old gin" and walked out.

Patsy Hulligan was not quite so successful. Bader kept a vicious dog and any time he wanted to clear the room or put out an undesirable, he would turn him loose. Patsy procured a cigar box full of fine horse manure and represented it to the near sighted old man as fine cut smoking tobacco, offering it in exchange for whiskey. Though his sight was poor his smeller was good and he began to yell--"Rouse mit rouse Ich greek de hunt nigh", and Patsy went tumbling out down over the steps with the dog after him.

Zachey Hendricks was a trickster. He went about for days telling people that he was going to kill himself, with a melancholy face, he said he did not care to live any longer. So one day he stabbed himself in the stomach, the blood spurted out and he rolled over into the gutter apparantly to die. The doctor came and it was found that Zachey had hid under his shirt, an ox bladder filled with blood from the butcher shop.

Louis Glump drove team. He remained a bachelor, dressed very poorly, and when he changed boarding places, about all he carried with him was a chest. When he died, the woman he boarded with opened it, and found pennies, dimes, silver of all denominations, paper notes, five, ten and twenty dollar gold pieces, unclassified and uncounted, just thrown in as he emptied his pockets.

What would we have done in her place? This woman reported the affair to the authorities, and the state claimed every cent of it. \$13,000.

Dory Raver was a character, unique among the boatmen. I was sitting in Rickert's cobbling shop, when he came in to have his boots half soled. He wouldn't let the cobbler shave off the fleshy side of the leather and insisted on having it on the outside of the soles. He said he could wear it off himself easy enough on the ~~townpath~~ towpath.

One of the most peculiar accidents that happened among the boatmen, was what happened to Jim Davis, who resided on East Norwegian Street, Pottsville. A loaded boat was always hard to start, the town line would, as a rule, lay along the towpath in curls and loops, hitched to the team until ready to start. Just at starting Jim trod into one of these loops which tightened about his leg and the power of the three mules against the resistance of the loaded boat tore his foot off at the ankle.

Other drownings than those that I have already mentioned, were Geo. Matchin who fell into the guard-locks. They were located immediately back of the First National Bank, Schuylkill Haven.

Frances Palsgrove fell off the wall at the bridge, at the foot of Main Street, just where Park Way begins.

A young lady fell off the wall, one dark night at the bridge that was located at Columbia Street and Park Way. The corpse of a Darkey was hauled out of the Old Dock, his head had stuck fast in the mud of the abandoned dock.

A woman was drowned from the locks at the foot of Coal Street, and a girl by the name of Kirkpatrick was drowned in one of the docks.

The approaches to the bridges and locks were not protected, which made them very dangerous, as the town was poorly lighted in those days.

I played in the yard with two boys, whose Father was a boatman. One day their Mother came to the door and said to the oldest boy, "John go down in the cellar and fetch me up a bucket of coal." "No I won't", said John, "It's Bill's turn". "That ain't so", said Bill, "I fetched the last bucket." She turned and called into the house "Pop come here and settle these boys." He came out and said, "Now John, you bring up your mother that coal." "No I won't Pop, it's Bill's turn, I brung the last bucket", Bill replied "Tain't so, Pop, John tells lies. Make him go. The Father all excited began "E-I-I-I. such boys! Why if I treated my Father like that, "I Pop!" John broke in, "Did you have a Father?" "Yes, I did have a Father, and a darn site better one than youse got! he replied.

"And now, while life's day is nearly done, and the silver streak is rapidly fading into twilight. I can see a little Dutch boy, son of Dutch John Strauser, a boatmen, from Shoemakersville, standing out with a chip on his shoulder, spelling A-B-L-E, Able, F-I-T, Fit, Able Fit Nock dis off if you want to fight." And then I remember the best mother any boy could have had, welcoming me home. "Why John your nose has been bleeding again and your blouse is all bloody and torn! Oh my! What will become of you?"

John B. Bowman,
425 E. Norwegian St.,
Pottsville, Pa.

Jan. 12, 1938

THE MULE STOOD ON THE CANAL BOAT DECK

Der mule sthoo't on der canal boat deck,
Fer de towpath he wouldn't dret,
Un day tied a halter round his neck,
Un vacked him on der het.

Bud obstanade un braced he sthoo't,
As do der seene to rule,
A cretuer of der holt-back brude
A stubborn stheadfast mule.

Day ourshed and shwore, but he wouldn't go
Until he feld inclint,
Un do day dundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mint.

Der boats-boy to der shore gomplaint,
"Der varmount's bount to sthay"
Sthill up on dat ait mule's hite,
Der sounting losh mate play.

De captain from tes shore replied,
"Der boats apoud to sale!
As uttera meens in wain you've trite,
Suppose you twhist his tail."

De boats boy prave do fail,
Den near trew mit oud-sthretched hant,
To make dem thwist awail.

Den game a kick of dunder bount
Of dis boy you needn't botter,
Ask off der wafes dat far arount,
Behelt him in de watter.

Note: "The Mule Stood on the Canal-Boat Deck is a parody on another parody on the once-familiar Cassabiana, which begins, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."

Mr. John Bowman made the canal-boat parody, and for many years recited it and other Pennsylvania-Dutch "pieces" at various gatherings.

The parody which gave him the idea celebrated a steam-boat wreck.

The Library asked him for his copy and appends a translation for those not familiar with Pennsylvania Dutch accents.

THE MULE STOOD ON THE CANAL BOAT DECK

The mule stood on the canal-boat deck
For the tow-path he wouldn't tread.
And they tied a halter round his neck
And whacked him on the head

But obstinate and braced he stood
As though the scene to rule,
A creature of the hold-back breed
A stubborn steadfast mule

They cursed and swore, but he wouldn't go
Until he felt inclined
And though they thundered blow on blow
He altered not his mind

The boat's-boy to the shore complained
"The varmint's bound to stay"
Still upon that old Mule's hide
The sounding lash made play

The captain from the shore replied
"The boat's about to sail."
As other means in vain you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail.

The boat's-boy, brave though pale,
Then near drew with outstretched hand
To make that twist avail

Then came a kick of thunder sound
Of this boy you needn't bother
Ask of the waves that far around
Beheld him in the water.

"THE OLD CANAL BED"

I recall how the boys used to fish and swim in the old canal, between the Palo Alto bridge and the Atkins furnace. This, to be sure, was after the canal had been abandoned to Port Carbon. However, during its functioning to that place, a "Mule Bridge" or "White Bridge" existed just south of Pottsville where the towpath reached the hill side and ended, necessitating that the team be transferred to the other side of the canal, where the path began again.

These "Mule Bridges" were so called because they were just wide enough for the mules and driver, about seven feet above a light boat, so that a man could stand upright, without being bumped off.

The driver usually cried "low bridge." In order to cross, without unhooking the towline, the mules would enter the bridge with the line dangling upon the railing, when they reached the other side, instead of going in the same direction as the boat was coming, (which would have left the line extending over the top of the bridge) the team turned toward the boat and then turned again going under the bridge, and in the same direction as the boat was coming. The line would then fall off the railing of the bridge, and the transfer would be made without unhooking and drawing in the line.

All the bridges of the canal were painted white and called "White Bridges", no matter where they were located.

It was a common occurrence for boys and men to hang by their hands and drop down upon light boats going under these bridges. I never tried it, neither did I ever hop a "coalie", (a coal train) I would rather walk back to the next lock to get on the boat or walk home, than run the risk of being beaten by a rough boatman, or have a leg cut off on the railroad.

Not so, was the case of Dr. Francis Boyer of Pottsville, one of Schuylkill County's best known, and eminent physicians. When a boy he dropped from this particular mule-bridge, below Pottsville, upon a boat. The boatman was intoxicated and made after him. Young Boyer jumped overboard, and in swimming ashore he struck a stump, breaking his leg. We older people remember how he limped through an enviable career as a physician, until his death.

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Near this bridge was located a lock and a dam-breast. The dam fed water to the canal, flowing over the breast. The boys who could not swim, held on to the breast and the water would flow around them, a pleasant sensation. Below them the water was very deep. Mr. G. A. Berner, whom we all regard with veneration, once tried this, with the experience that he almost lost his life. A boy by the name of Shollenberger loosened his hands and he fell back into deep water. With presence of mind he kept his eyes open and saw a pair of legs dangling, as his had dangled. He grasped them and drew himself back to the breast. The legs belonged to a boy by the name of Geary.

There was another lock at Mt. Carbon, just above where the water comes down from Tumbling Run. From here on, the old canal bed was filled with water until it reached the lock at Cape Horn. Here, along the road-side, was built a large platform, with a wide slide extending out into the water. This was where the saloon-keepers and butchers of Pottsville procured their ice. The Knickerbocker Ice Company cut the ice at Tumbling Run and shipped it to Philadelphia. I believe they also sold locally. Nevertheless ice was harvested in great quantities, at Cape Horn, from the old canal bed.

This was before the advent of artificial ice, and if there was no freezing weather in winter time, an ice famine was the result, causing great distress in case of sickness.

To-day you can still see the remains of a lock just below the Lone Star Hotel across the river. Much of its fine masonry has been destroyed, and its fine large dressed stones removed to build structures elsewhere. Tall trees are growing up between its walls. Here some weary unfortunate, hung himself between its walls, after the close of the canal at Schuylkill Haven, supposedly preferring to die rather than seek other employment.

From the lock just north of the "Seven Stars", down to the Five Locks, the water remained in the canal up until the building of the three lane highway from Pottsville to Connors. From these locks the trolley line was built upon the towpath, all the way to Connors, and then down through the old canal level to Schuylkill Haven.

For over sixteen years, on my daily trips from Pottsville to Schuylkill Haven (in this body of water, at the side of the trolley line) I saw the musk-rats build their huts each winter. I looked daily for the turtle that men said made its home there and was larger than a tin bucket. I saw, daily, the old persimmon tree,

that I had visited often in my youth, and each fall I watched, from the car, its ripening fruit. On one occasion the car was delayed, late in fall, quite a distance from this tree, and the conductor did not know how soon he could proceed again. I explained to him what I wanted, and he promised to give me a long whistle to return before starting. I ran back several hundred yards to the tree. The fruit had been dropping, but before I could fill a coat pocket, he blew his blast. The car was well filled with passengers. I began by handing two persimmons to each one, and when I got to the end I had but one sticky little fellow for myself. This is the only persimmon tree that I know of in this part of Schuylkill County.

As to the big terrapin. One day I was in front of my store in Schuylkill Haven, when a man came down street, holding by the tail the biggest turtle that I have seen caught in these parts. I asked him where he caught it, and he replied, in the old canal this side of the Seven Stars. So while I never saw him, he was there just the same.

The Five Locks, so named for the reason that, when the boats upon the canal were small, it took five small locks to overcome the incline, until the boat would reach the lower level. When the boats became larger, the locks were reduced to two very deep ones, to fit the boats,

They remained in fairly good shape for many years after the canal was closed, with the exception that, in one of the chambers, the masonry was torn out making a hole large enough for a man to crawl into. This puzzled me for some years as to how and why it was done, until one day, upon the car, I called "Bengel" Yost's attention to it. He replied, "Why I did it. There is a minks' nest in there, but they were too far back. I couldn't get to them". "Bengel", by the way, is the Pennsylvania-Dutch nickname for a stout boy. The present day equivalent is "Buster".

After 1900.
He say

Bengel, was quite a man of the woods and told many interesting stories relating to his experiences. He told, now, one night, while he was fishing, at the Tunnel below Landingville, he heard the most horrid screeching and wailing, like a woman in great agony. The calls came from two separate mountains, and slowly were approaching each other. He decided that they were two panthers coming together from two far away points. He and another fisherman determined to see the thing through, and set out down

the valley, keeping between the calls, and hid themselves in an old covered bridge, near Auburn. The yowling indicated that they would meet near that location. It was a bright moonlight night, and about four o'clock in the morning, two large bob cats or lynx came together, on the road just outside the other end of the bridge. That was about all they saw, the "futtering" and spitting was so great, that they made tracks for home, as fast as their legs could carry them.

The trolley car road-bed, below Connors, is now a foot path through the canal level and a short cut to the main part of Schuylkill Haven. This level is all that is left of what constituted a big industry during the time of the canal. Here were located the Company boat yard, carpenter shop, dry docks, saw mill, and the supply pond. All this has been supplanted by homes, garages, a playground and trees.

The office building on Coal Street still stands, but has been made into apartments, and is occupied by families whose parents were my boyhood acquaintances. To the west of it are the old locks with both gates gone. They do not seem as deep as when I used to stand on their walls and look down into them.

The wagon bridge still fronts the locks, but the long red mule bridge that spanned the main dock from landing to landing, is gone.

This bridge was high, long, dark and narrow, built for the purpose of transferring the teams to the landings on the other side. In the summertime it was, by the hobo, and drunken boatmen, used as a sleeping place. It was a short cut across the landings and railroad from Schuylkill Haven to Cressona. I used it often in daytime, but was compelled to go that way one night alone, rather than by Goat Hill or Connors. About the middle of the bridge I stumbled over a man, whether white, black, drunk or sober, I didn't pause to inquire, but his curses, loud and deep, I could hear as I flew down the incline at the other end of the bridge.

On the site of the main dock, a large body of water, even now called "The Dock", is still there, hidden away between the embankments that remain from the landings which surrounded it. Its walls have been removed, and unsightly rotten black logs line its banks. The sluice gates and dam-breast have been torn away, over on the Irish Flat. This caused the influx of sand to close this large body of water at the south end, protecting it

from silt and culm, resulting in its water remaining clear.

The opening of this dam on the flat washed shut the old dock, at numbers 11 & 12 landings, which were not used for some years before the closing of the canal, (hence the "old dock"). Here were stored a whole dock full of old condemned boats. These boats are all now covered over with sand and whatsoever the river brought. It would be hard to prove to a stranger what once existed there, as it is now a forest of tall trees, vines and brush. Looking west from the bridge at Broadway you will get a good view of what I have just described.

From Broadway bridge, down to the Reading Railroad bridge, the Schuylkill flows through what is left of the old canal, black, unsightly and dirty.

Opposite St. James Church, on Dock Street across the canal, there once existed a very large coal dirt bank, larger than many that you now see at the mines.

This bank consisted of the screenings from all the landings at Schuylkill Haven. It was brought there upon scows, poled down from the docks, loaded into cars, and pulled up the bank by mules and dumped just as you have seen it done at the mines.

The driver would get on the car and let it run down the incline back to the scow, where the men would have another loaded, ready to go up. The mule would follow at a gallop and the faster he came the harder the single tree would hit him on the shins and he would kick out with both hind legs at once, great sport for the boys.

When the company decided to close the canal, a pier was built at the water's edge, and they began to load this immense bank of screenings into boats, and take it away just as fast as they could. But at its close there was still some left, and people began to screen it for the small size coal it contained. Also, later on, some of the factories, put what was called a blower into their furnaces, and hauled this culm away by the wagon load. It's all gone now.

Immediately to the rear of the First National Bank were the guard locks. You went up a high stairway and crossed these locks upon a narrow foot-bridge that led to the lock house, that was built upon a pier between the locks and the Schuylkill River.

Just below the locks there was a gradual turn in the

canal, and the towlines would scrape along the masonry of the Reading Railroad bridge, causing deep rounded grooves one above the other, to be worn into the solid stones.

Below Landingville there still remains a large stretch of the old canal, called the Tunnel, not a real tunnel now. Nevertheless, when the canal was built and the boats were intended to be small, the engineers drove right through the hill, leaving an overhead top, which was removed when the canal had to be made larger.

This was the first tunnel in the United States, though the Lebanon tunnel is the earliest still standing.

When the canal closed at Schuylkill Haven, one small landing was built at Port Clinton. This was done by the canal company to fulfill their contract with the men who owned individual boats, who could not be told to leave the canal. However these boats were condemned, as fast as they needed repairs, and placed in "the Navy Yard" just this side of Hamburg. There they can still be seen, and it was about six or seven years ago that I saw two men come up out of the cabin of one of them, showing that their cabins were occupied until recent years.

The landing at Port Clinton did not last many years, and after it had ceased to operate, John Dietrich, in 1915, was the last man to operate a boat, with a load of coal, on the Schuylkill Canal. The boat was loaded at Kern's Dam and towed about two miles, with coal for the Sanatorium at Hamburg. The boat's name was Gwin.

Schuylkill Haven refused to die when the canal closed. When word came, early in the spring of 1886, that it would cease to function, it was simply unbelievable. It was an industry so immense and supported thousands of families from the coal regions to Philadelphia. Men gathered in groups on the street corner to discuss the matter and we youngsters listened wide eyed with awe.

But when time came to open and only one landing was started, men realized that the company meant what they had declared.

Then it was that Schuylkill Haven got busy. Public Meetings were held in Metamorph Hall to determine what could be done, and it wasn't long before several men declared their intention to start in the manufacturing business. Proceeding to do so immediately they employed quite a number of girls in the manufacturing of hosiery. Some of the men

who lost their jobs, received employment at the Schuylkill Haven Car Shops and upon the railroad.

At the close of the year 1887 the situation wasn't bad at all, more factories started making underwear, and people began to move to town, in order to have their girls get employment in the factories. The result was that real estate began to boom, and many houses were being built. Also the wood workers at the boat-yards received employment at the new Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Mt. Carbon.

Business became better, all the girls and boys that wanted work could get it, and the factory teams went from door to door, delivering immense bundles of unfinished underwear to housewives, to be finished during their spare time. In some cases, these women were assisted in the evening by those who had worked during the day. Most of this homework was taping; that is, running tape about the shoulders of knitted underwear. Money was being spent and the town grew rapidly, and the support of the canal was not missed.

In the spring of 1888, when no boats were loaded, and the canal stood unused, the property holders along the north side of Main Street decided, that as the canal was abandoned, and its property abbuted theirs, that they were entitled to one half of the canal bed, and immediately proceeded to take possession of it.

We had our business on the south side of the street, and a Mr. Saylor, from the north side, came over to see me and said, "John, throw all your ashes and refuse back of our lot, on the towpath, we are going to take over half of the canal." A general filling in began. Some built concrete foundations and others cribbing out into the water, stables and wagon sheds stood where the water once flowed.

The alley at the rear of the lots stood high above the towpath and dumping by horse and cart, was accompanied by a great deal of danger.

A horse and cart went over the dump at the foot of St. Peters Street, and that was the end of the horse. Another went over for the Michaels, in the rear of their place. This horse I saw after he had gone down.

At another time, one evening, word came up the street, that a horse was smothering in the mud on Canal Street. I ran down, and there he was, on his side, imbedded in the mud.

- 3 -

He was pretty far gone. Men were trying with planks, to turn him over, so that he could get upon his feet. Others would try with poles to keep his head from sinking into the mud, but to no avail. He made little effort himself, his head finally going under. If you dug up Parkway, in the neighborhood of what was once the Motzer Bakery, I think you would find the skeleton of this poor fellow, as I do not think he was ever taken out of the mud.

Michael Halton was building a foundation for a house in the West Ward that was apparently upon canal property. When a representative of the Company called his attention that it was their property, Michael asked to see their deed. Then the man left. Halton kept on building. An officer came the next day threatening arrest. Halton again asked to see their deed for the property, which was not produced. He then made his own deed, had it entered at the Court House, and when they tried to interfere again, he showed him his own deed to the property. He told me himself, that all his lot cost him was the three dollars and fifty cents for the recording of the deed.

This is the first house on Broadway just across the bridge.

Sometime later a man built a flower bed in the middle of the canal bed on Canal Street. He placed a low fence around it to keep the dogs off. The company sent him a bill for rent. This raised the ire of the town people in general, so much so that they made a regular dump of the canal on Canal Street.

The company made complaint, stating that they needed the canal bed upon which to build a short route to the coal storage yards connecting near the Railroad Bridge at Schuylkill Haven. This looked plausible. However, the people paid no attention to their claim, which is why the town has over five long squares of beautiful parkway for Canal Street became Parkway.

I have often thought, that, had someone acted at the proper time, toward the Tumbling Run Dams (the canal purposes having been abandoned) the same results could have been procured for Pottsville. It might have secured a park as the people of Schuylkill Haven did in procuring Parkway and other properties.

When Schuylkill Haven paved Dock Street, the land from Broadway to the Trinity Lutheran Parsonage abutted on the Canal. Each property owner was charged his

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proportionate part of the cost. There were no funds paid for the above stated property. The borough then took over the land, sold the two lots where the Bittle and Confer mansions are, built a Town Hall for itself, and sold another lot upon which Mr. Philips' handsome home is built.

Between the Confer home and the Town Hall, the borough built a long handsome concrete sidewalk, from which you can look down upon the black waters of the Schuylkill, flowing through the old canal bed.

I do not wish to leave the impression that all improvements built along the old canal bed were taken over without cost. In many instances it was properly owned real estate, and the lots had to be purchased.

This was true of the land on the western side of Parkway, from the canal bridge at Main Street to the canal bridge at Columbia Street. On this ground was located the saddlery shop, the black-smith shop, station master's and telegraph offices, stables, mule yards, and station house where the company drivers were housed and fed. This was the only house in those two entire blocks. It was kept by a Mrs. Leader who at the close of the Canal pulled up stakes, and with her large family of girls and boys moved to Pottstown where the iron industry was booming. This house was directly at the corner of Columbia Street and the bridge.

After the big fire that removed the stables and some nearby small buildings, for years we used the grounds as a baseball field, also cricuses occupied the premises at different times. Finally building lots were sold and houses built, from time to time, until now the entire two blocks are filled with fine homes.

Across the street from the station house at the other corner of the bridge, was located Schuylkill Haven's "lock-up" where evil doers were imprisoned, before trial, and taken to Pottsville jail.

It is as plain to me as yesterday, how the local constable would haul Ellen Feary on a wheelbarrow, with a man on each side, holding her down on her back, with her pantleted legs kicking up into the air, her cursing and scolding attracting men, women, and children, that followed until she was safely deposited.

From the "lock-up" down to the river, there were no more buildings immediately along the canal on the west side,

but a few hundred yards to the west, was located Wingander's Pottery, where were made butter crocks, jugs and flower pots. I doubt whether many folks now living remember this pottery and its location.

After the removal of the lock-up, The Walkin Shoe Company located on its site, with an extensive plant extending far back along the old canal. And if you want to view shoes being manufactured, without asking anyone's permission, just walk along side of this building, glancing through the windows. As you walk along, you will see the men just inside, their tables on a level with the windows. You can look at them, beginning with the cutting of the soles, passing from table to table until the shoes are finished.

Later the South Ward schoolhouse was built behind the factory, facing the old canal bed. Then one home after another was built, until the entire west side has been built up.

On the east side, the entire street ~~was~~ occupied with homes, small stores, and one saloon, until it reached the bridge at Columbia Street, and three or four houses beyond. Then came the old chain factory lot, the rolling mill property and an old lime kiln. Then came the settlement near the Geiger's Locks known as Quarrely Point. Now the long-vacant space between the last house and the point, has been built in with fine homes.

And now these faithful citizens, who lived then, and refused to let the town die, when the canal closed, are all gone.

Occasionally a very few who were boys and girls then, may get together. But when I ask the question, they will say, "I don't remember".

John B. Bowman
425 E. Norwegian St.,
Pottsville, Pa.

March 28, 1940.



Piles of cordwood
cut up from old boats.

The Landing Point
Spring and the old boats were stored
in the water for the purpose.

↑ white boat
Enlarged copy of picture of the canal level,
boat yard, etc. above Lock No 12, Schuylkill
Haven.

Original taken from the turnpike or railroad
(not yet finished) probably early in 1886.

Copied by Dockweiler, Pottsville, for H. C.
Wilson, May 25, 1938.

View of Spring Garden level - Schuylkill
Haven 1885-6

Note By: H. Carl Wilson

The white object in the middle distance
is one of the white-painted Warner Brother
boats, which this Schuylkill Haven firm built
for the McWilliam's Co. of New York.

↑ made stable
Mr. Bowman, as a boy of sixteen worked at
putting the cracks (not mending) and painting
the boat. He was paid sixty cents a day. Although
it was to be used as a grain carrier on the Erie
canal, it was given a load of Pennsylvania coal as pay-
ing ballast, when taken to New York.

Boat Yards

Library Notes of Nov. 25, 1938, states that "42 industries once thriving in this locality, are as dead as the dodo and the door-nail -- yet once we had 'em."

Outstanding among those mentioned, in my memory, are the boat yards.

Pottsville very likely ~~never~~^{had} had one, but Port Carbon had. It was run by a man named Grey, long before my time. However, his sons, whom I knew, boated out of Schuylkill Haven.

Landingville had one operated by a Mr. Deibert. He was an aged man in my day, yet I recall how he did his own dray work, driving his own team, with lumber, to his boat yard. Schuylkill Haven had three boat yards, and some of my boyhood's happy days were spent in and about these yards: Warner's, Shadel's, and the Canal Co. Yards.

There were two very old and prominent men yet living, retired, on Main Street. They were Jacob Deibert Sr., and Daniel Saylor. I was always told that they had been boatbuilders. This was in the late seventies. I am inclined to think that both their yards had been located in that part of the town known as Spring Garden.

Warner's yard was owned by the Warner Brothers and located at the extreme southern end of the town. They repaired individual boats and built new river boats for transportation companies in New York.

"Believe it or not" during a summer vacation from school, I worked on two of these boats as a painter, at 60¢ a day, good money for a 15 year old boy in those days. It was contract work and an inspector from New York sat on a chair and watched that everything

went right. These boats were painted inside as well as out; besides we were required to putty all cracks in the planks, as they were to be used to transport grain, also a load of coal to New York from the docks at Schuylkill Haven. This work, to be sure, was only done on the inside of the boat, so that coal dirt and grain could not be secreted in the flaws of the planks.

The seams were caulked and pitched on the outside by the boatbuilders. Did you ever see a caulking mallet? It was something like a chair leg with a handle half way down the center. Did we get tired? I can still, in my old days, hear that welcome sound of Dan. Warners voice, "Dinner" and "Six O'clock".

Shadel's Boat Yard was located across a bridge that crossed the canal where Park Way (then Canal Street) begins, at the foot of Main Street, west of the Railroad Crossing.

The Shadels only did repair work, on individual boats. They were a large family of boys and girls. Two sons, at this time, are still living.

This Yard was a dark corner between the Canal and Schuylkill supposedly a rendezvous for clandestine love-making. Old Michael Shadel, all at one time, owned a Boat Yard, a beer saloon at the corner of Dock and Willow sts., in Spring Garden section, and a canal boat run by the boys.

The Schuylkill Canal Co's Boat Yard built new boats and repaired those already in use, also renovated individual ones.

This yard was the boy's paradise. Here we swam, fished, skated, roasted frogs legs, potatoes and fish.

Henry Sterner was the superintendent, a man by the name of Hoffman was watchman, and lived with his family on a boat, year in

and year out. Lary Sterner ran the saw mill, and here I saw my first circular saw. Henry Sterner was a kindly disposed man. He allowed, whoever came, to help themselves to all the oak chips of wood they needed. He also allowed the boys the privileges of the yard. (Those that behaved). And if we could find a boat boy who could borrow a frying pan and a little butter, we had many a frog leg and fish fry, with roasted potatoes. ^P A pond which supplied the water for the drydocks was a great gathering place for girls and boys. Here we caught strings of bright yellow cat-fish, and suckers in the springtime. Here we skated early in the winter before the canal was safe. When the ice was clear, large schools of suckers would move about under us. One day a farmer boy by the name of Bill Dietrich, who afterwards became an ice man in Pottsville, came with a sledge hammer and struck the ice with all his might. He reached into the hole and drew out immense long suckers. This he ^{repeated} ~~repeated~~ several times until he had all that he desired, and they stuck out from all his pockets. The blows of his hammer had not only broken the ice, but stunned the fish.

During the boating season, condemned boats were brought to the yard and placed in the level adjoining on the north, and just south of Connors where the bridge crosses the Schuylkill. You can see the remains of this level. Quite a number of these old boats would accumulate during the summer. When winter came and little or no work could be done in the yard, the men were employed at cutting these old boats into cord-wood and shipping it away by freight. Among these old boats we ran wild, with and without clothes on, playing "whoop" (or hide and seek) and hare and hounds. We hid behind them, ran between, climbed down the holds, into the cabins,

out through the windows, into water any old depth.

One day an old boat was placed in the level. It contained about a foot of water in the hold and where it came from, I cannot tell. It must have been sunk somewhere where there were lots of eels, for the water in the boat contained hundreds of little ones, hardly any longer than six to eight inches. We used old tin cans and one or two of the boys took their hats and filled them with those little eels and carried them over to the boatyard pond, expecting them to grow and be caught later. However, we never got a bite, as none were caught. When several years later the water was drawn from the pond to repair the wicket, men came with buckets and helped themselves to fish, not a sign of our eels was evident in the bottom of the pond. One more eel mystery!

From 1886 to the end of 1887, this yard was closed permanently and the Pennsy R.R. was built into Pottsville. About the same time also, their repair shops were established at Mt. Carbon. These men of the boat yard were all good carpenters and readily received employment at the new shops at Mt. Carbon. Joseph Mayberry, the blacksmith, ran two hack loads of these boatyard men to and fro each day and many of them moved to Pottsville and Mt. Carbon. Occasionally, I would meet these old timers on the street. Nevertheless, one by one they have gone, like the yard, the shed, the boats, the docks, and the ford. Other things and faces have taken their places.

Pottsville had a Boat Yard, located on the (Island) now occupied by the Phillip Jones and Co., formerly by the Atkins Furnaces

John B. Bowman,
425 E. Norwegian St.,
Pottsville, Pa.
Nov. 28th, 1938.

I had long since given up hope of finding an old boatman who had boated when the canal was in operation as far north as Pottsville and Port Carbon. Unexpectedly I ran into an old veteran of those days, in the person of Wm. Mellon, late superintendant of the Schuylkill Haven Water Co. He stated that he had taken the last boat out of Port Carbon in 1879. This was a light, or unloaded boat. A man by the name of Grey ran a boat yard there and had finished its repair after the canal had closed at that point. It was allowed to lie there for several years. Fearing that the canal bed would cease to be navigable much longer, the Company employed him to go up and bring it down.

In answer to my query as to whether the boats brought back loads to Pottsville, he said yes, the boat he worked on always brought malt to the brewery, located on Mauch Chunk Street. A small dock extended out from the main canal to the brewery. That was as far back as 1867.

Mister Mellon became pilot for the Canal Co. and ran the Petrel, a little steam boat that plied anywhere on the canal from Schuylkill Haven to Philadelphia. He was responsible for the condition of the canal proper, but his main occupation was to tow light boats into the docks and bring loaded ones out, placing them where the teams would be attached, and taken away. Mr. Major was the engineer of the Petrel and with Mr. Mellon, I should say, were about the best informed men on the canal, as their work took them into every nook and corner

"When the boatman horn he'd blow,
Waking echoes as he'd go,
Then the boatmen their horns they'd blow,
Making echoes through the vales, yo ho."

In the late 1870's Jacob Anderson was a young, upright and industrious boatman on the Schuylkill Canal. He fell in love with Mary Emerich, a pretty and homeloving good housekeeper living with her parents on Dock Street near the docks in Schuylkill Haven. They were married and went to housekeeping on Jacob's boat. During six years of happiness together two children were born.

One morning while Mary was hanging her wash on a line extending the length of the boat, she tripped, fell overboard, and was drowned. Her older brother had drowned earlier in the canal while skating. For which reason the father had forbidden his other three children ^{to} frequent the canal. ~~in sport.~~

Anderson, sickened by the calamity that had wrecked his family circle, never married again. He stuck to the boat and kept two children with him. The Anderson family remained boatmen upon the Schuylkill Canal up until the last landing was abandoned at Port Clinton.

----John B. Bowman.



Anderson's mules and
*
the boat "Bruce" in Blue Mountain Dam,
Schuylkill Canal, August 15, 1906, North-
bound to Port Clinton dock.

Taken by: H. C. Wilson

Enlarged by: Frank X Reilly, Pottsville,
Penna., May 10, 1938

* Built at Landingville according to George Schaffer. If so, says
Bowman, it was from "Poppy" Deibert's boatyard.

MAUD MULE AND HER BROTHER

There are two kinds of mules, the mule proper, which is the hybrid product of a male ass and a mare, and the hinny, the offspring of the stallion and female ass, the hinny not deliberately bred, as it has scarcely any value, beauty, size, or strength.

The mule resembles its father in appearance, while its body, shape, height, and strength resemble that of the mother.

It possesses the patience, endurance, and sure footedness of the ass, the vigor, strength, and courage of the horse. Combining the good qualities of both, it makes a superior animal in its usefulness to mankind.

Though bearing the bar sinister, and a hybrid, mankind -- with the use of philosophy, zoology and 5000 years of apprenticeship, to boot ... could not produce another animal as useful.

Though Maud Mule and her brother have the bar sinister, nevertheless, their family has occupied a secure position in society since early Biblical times, and very likely much longer. All the early Jewish patriarchs rode upon mules. I quote from the Bible, 2nd Samuel, 13th chapter and the 29th verse, "Then all the King's sons arose, and every man got him upon his mule and fled."

Also we have the story of Absalom and his mule. There was a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men, when Absalom met the army of King David. Absalom rode a mule that went under the thick boughs of the tree and the mule passed from under him. I believe that the mule must have been a stubborn one, and preferred the shade of the "Old Oak Tree" to the heat and conflict of battle. When Absalom cried "gee" the mule went "haw" and Absalom exercised

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all the Israelitish curses in his vocabulary before his hair caught.

Absalom was a brave man and a great fighter and there, hanging by his hair, he smote the mighty Joab insomuch that he feared for his own life and fled. Joab took ten brave young men, and encompassed Absalom round about and slew him. Joab having cast three darts into his heart from a distance -- fearing to approach Absalom with sword or spear. While King David was mourning for his son, Absalom, the mule was hee hawing in the wilderness, for his master.

The mule was not in the Garden of Eden , neither were Maud and her brother in the Ark. Noah had no use for them there.

Two darkies were arguing on the zoology of the mule and not being able to agree upon its origin, one of them said, "He' come Mose, he going to tell us. Mose, how com er Meule?" "O' I gona splain at you. Out in Mesurie, day jist bury a Meule in good groun' and he done sprout jackasses."

The mule industry was carried on to a great extent during the Roman rule in Spain. The mule deserves more respect than he receives. Abused, beaten and sworne at, but always on hand when needed and always needed. He is full of sport, and often misunderstood when he kicks one more angel into Heaven, or one more devil into Hell. Nevertheless, when it comes to surefootedness, and strength on the level or up hill, he has it all over his handsome half brother, the horse.

For toughness and vigor on the western plains, the saddle mule was only outdone by the Indian pony, and not the horse.

There is no stupidity concerning the mule, his powers of memory and observation are wonderful. After being herded away from

his work, he will always return to his driver and job.

He is deceptive and tricky. You cannot lead four to six mules in a row, side by side (not tandem) and three might give you a lot of trouble. Say that you tried to start with 1-2-3-4-5-6, before you got a start they would all tangle together, 3-2-1-6-5-4, with head's pointing in different directions, across one another's neck and backs.

This humble creature must be understood and gently and firmly made to do things. It was his ability to perform sterling services, under adverse conditions, that firmly placed him in American agriculture. Suspicious of everyone, he has an uncanny way of knowing whether he is going to be treated badly or kindly, and does not forget the one who inflicts bad treatment.

Like sheep, they always follow the leader, and the best leader for a loose drove of green mules is the horse with a bell, preferably a grey mare, rather than one of its own kind. I well remember our own local mule dealer, Mr. Quinn, always led a car load of loose mules from the railroad, or through the streets of Pottsville, with a small grey mare.

The mule was likely 7000 years old when the automobile was invented. They resemble one another, with the same tendency to backfire. Machines raise wheat, cotton, and every variety of farm products, but they do not eat hay, bread, or wear clothes, nor sleep on straw or cotton mattresses. Will the machines do the same thing to the mule that they have done to the unemployed, and to consumption of goods?

The mule is hard to kill and his longevity is much greater than the horse's, who eats more, and shares greater favors from his

master. Yet, at 18 or 20 years he is through, while the mule is still digging in at 30 or 32

During the days of the Switchback Railroad at Mauch Chunk, Pa., a pair of mules would haul the cars up the hill to the starting point, then be loaded on a car and make the return trip down hill by gravity, back to the starting point. They were usually given a feed on the trip. These mules became so accustomed to riding down hill and only pulling up-grade, that they absolutely refused to do any work that required them to go down hill.

I read where a mule fell into a quartz mill and was stomped to pulp, then passed through the furnace, which made him perspire freely. Foolishly he was declared dead, and a chemist pounded some of the quartz with a pestle. Shortly after, the bray of the mule in the mortor was distinctly heard!

In the fall of 1938, Major C. Douglas Booth, a British subject, in his lecture on "World Economic Cooperation", in speaking of the British national debt to the United States, said that the United States Government had placed the money with J. P. Morgan & Co., with which the British Government were to purchase American commodities. They purchased mules, paid a high price for them, and now, twenty years after, the mules were too old to be returned!

I have known mules, so old and thin, still enduring, that their ribs could have been used for a rub-board, and you could hang clothes on their four corners to dry.

I heard of a mule chasing a girl, that when he was just about caught up with her, a gust of wind came and blew him off his course.

"Although he is sometimes infernal, the mule is eternal."

George Washington is believed to have introduced the mule

into this country.

General La Fayette presented General Washington with a maltese jack, Knight of Malta. Shortly after the end of the Revolutionary War, in the year of 1787, the King of Spain presented to General Washington the jack known as the Royal Gift. With each gift there was also a jennet and the intermating of these two breeds very likely produced a superior jack, for in the museum at Mt. Vernon you can see a first prize given to General Washington for producing the best jack. This jack very likely is the father of the first mule strain in the United States.

The American mule is superior to the mule of any other country.

There is no comparison between the mules of other countries and the powerful, upstanding product of the Middle West.

During the World War, mules were not counted as animals, and it was necessary to keep them in the line from thirty-eight, sixty and sometimes seventy-two hours, with hardly more than a pause. Then it was possible only to feed a small amount of grain and a few handfuls of hay. Under the strain he went forward, giving his all. Sometime when taken to the rear for a rest, it would seem impossible to get him to the front again, but his powerful constitution came to his rescue and in a short time he was able to return to duty.

The mule has always been given credit for having his full quota of brains, but at times it seems he had more than his share.

The mule is the most valuable beast of burden in the world. He has greater strength in proportion to size, more activity, sure footedness, requires less food, is longer lived and less susceptible to disease.

The mule can endure both heat and cold better than the horse, will refrain from overeating and has a strong instinct of self preservation.

The early nurseries of the mule were Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, later extending through Texas, Kansas, and Oklahoma. With Indiana, Iowa, Illinois and Nebraska, later, then Colorado, Utah, Oregon, New Mexico, California and Washington, they are all great mule producing states of this country and the world.

I only knew of one farmer in Schuylkill County, Pa. that raised mules, it was back sometime in the 1880's that I visited the Daniel Staller farm in South Manheim Township. I was then only a boy. However he explained the origin of the mule, showing me a very large strawberry-roan hip-shot mare, and three sister colt mules: coal black, one recently born, the other two, one and two years old, respectively. "Now des is do mommy sand de sin de kinner," hut air saught "Vuh is de daughty?" hov isch fraught. "Iver in Barricks County," vore de anwort. Literally translated, "Now this is the mother and these are her children," he said. "Where is the father?" I questioned. "Over in Berks County," he replied.

In the nine cotton belt states, in the year 1935, there were 3,125,254 mules in service, compared to 1,596,229 horses, and these figures are still declining.

From Lake Providence we have the following, "Tractors Replace Plantation Mules. Aug 27, 1938. Tenant houses are for rent on a plantation near this northeast Louisiana^{town}, where two industrial farmers have turned night into day with tractors dragging plows in eight hour shifts.

"The mule has been replaced by machines doing 10 times as much work; the tenant farmer has given way to the tractor driver, and

the blacksmith's forge has become a mechanic's lathe. Only 70 families live on Olive Del Plantation, where 150 worked.

"The born mule farmers, W. T. Michner and E. S. Voelker, decided eight years ago that there was no real money in it, and planned the mechanized farm."

The number of mules of all ages declined by a greater percentage during 1936 than did the number of horses. Yet the price of mules will probably be maintained for a longer period than the price of horses. During the years 1930 to 1937 inclusive, the price of mules exceeded that of horses by about 17%.

The best horseman's abilities are taxed, coping with the mules mixed good and bad qualities. However, the virtues of the mule are so apparant, in all times and conditions, peace and war, that many who despised him, have come to admire the animal which has no "pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."

He cannot be forced to do things against his will, by beating or cuffing him about. The best way to lead him is by kindness. Start to walk in the direction that you wish to go and he will often follow.

On the canal there are two distinct classes of mules, the company and the individual team. The company team was always three fine animals: leader, middle mule, and shafter. To the leader fell the hardest part in starting, the middle one was expected to do his part in pulling, but the shafters' duties were responsible and hard at all times. Pulling sideways, he had constantly to keep the team away from the water. The forward pull of the two mules was a great strain on him, as the boat had a tendency to draw the shafter toward the water.

The individual team was made up, in some instances, the

like as the company team, but in most cases not so, as there was no rule governing its arrangement. I have seen them in all variety of shapes and conditions: one mule, sometimes; on horse; occasionally, two mules; a horse and a mule; a horse and two mules; three mules; and, in one case, four mules. While the companies' teams were made up of the finest animals, the individuals were not. Sometimes these latter were good and bad, and the worst rakes you could find anywhere, yet the finest of them all was an individual team.

That of the Knickerbocker Ice Co. of Philadelphia had four exceptionally large, coal-black mules, always well groomed, each one with a high plume on his head, a large red, white and blue tassel at each ear, and a martingale of bells at his chest. When they came swinging into a level at a half trot, with a light boat, it was, indeed, a sight to behold, and the music of the bells was greater than that in the song of "Jingle Bells."

The circus and Western Shows, have not, to my mind's eye and memory, produced an arrangement of horses to compare with this team, composed of "Maud Mule and her brothers."

It was the general belief among boatmen, also in the army, that a mule would drown if he got water in his ears, and, since he would follow a horse rather than his own kind, the individual boatman often used a horse as a leader, believing that the mules would exercise more determination and endurance, in case they got overboard.

The fact that the canal mule was trained to pull to one side, caused him to make a great deal of trouble, when in service away from the towpath. If he was hitched to a wagon, he pulled to the side just the same, coming up the gutter, with the driver pulling on the line and slashing, trying to get him into the street. If two were

hooked together, they would each pull in opposite directions, far apart, with the wagon tongue sticking up in the air between them; but the strongest one would win, and they would get in the gutter just the same. I was told that after the canal was abandoned, some of the mules were taken to do service at the mines, but were almost useless on account of their sidewise tendencies.

A Menonite minister thought that to curse, and to plow his fields crookedly, were the two worst things that could happen to him.

Well, he bought a canal mule and proceeded to plow with it. The mule pulled sidewise, and the minister couldn't make a straight furrow. His results were awful! They went round the field, a worse result! He stood looking over his work very discouraged, then he went round again. No better! Then he stood in front of the mule and said in Pennsylvania German, "Mer ganga noch a mole room, un wans net besser gangt, es gept a Gut verdumptes gofluken." Translated: "We will go another time around and if it does not go any better, there'll be the God damdest cursing!"

From the side of the road, I saw a man, whom I knew, trying to cultivate his corn with a mule; she wouldn't keep the furrow, and the stalks in many places were destroyed. He beat and kicked her until she laid down. I jumped over the fence and went over to him, saying, "You cannot use this mule for this kind of work. I know her, she was Pete Foxe's shafter and will never pull straight."

He replied, "You think you know a lot, you 'Stadt Shaver'." (I think he meant town shaver, or smarty). The mule got up, he opened the bars at the other end of the field and went over the hill to the barn.

Sometime later I came by his place and he called me, "Hey,

will you do me a favor?" "If I can." "I am very busy, and haven't the time, so ride this mule over to Freddie Rick's in Cressona, and get my boots?" he asked. "I am not allowed to ride mules, besides that one is dumb." "There you go again. What do you mean, dumb?" "Why look, any mule that flops one ear forward and lops the other back is dumb." "Why, a baby could ride her," he said. "See?", and he rode several times around the yard. Finally I consented to get his boots, that were being half-soled at a cobbler's about a mile and a half distant. Things were going well, she rode like a rocking chair. I was watching the flip-flop of her ears, when all at once, I was flung through the air like a catapult, to hit the road on my seat, with a thud, in the dust. That was the last mule I rode!

A girl and her father drove each week, all the way from Rock Station to Pottsville, with a load of farm produce. Their team of horses was named Dollie and Bill. One day the girl told me, in Pennsylvania Dutch, "Lätz wuch de Dollie is ous geva, un, mere hen al ever gagucht for a unna gowel so as mere hame cumma kent. Un mere hen nix fanna manna except an eisel. De pap hen Dollie hinner no augabunna, un de Dollie hen so aurick laugha missa all de wakes hame, while de Bill eighspurd is mit an eisel."

Translated, "Last week Dollie had given out, and we looked all over for another horse, so we could get home. And we couldn't find anything but a mule. Pop tied Dollie on behind, and Dollie she had to laugh so awful much all the way home, because Bill was hitched up with a mule!" The whinney for her place in the harness besides her team mate, was mistaken for laughter, a horse laugh.

Pop and Mom Geiger kept No. 14 lock on the old Schuylkill Canal, which lock became known as Geiger's lock. Some wag named

his team of mules Pop and Mom. Mom was the shafter. Going through the spillway at Catfish Dam, the mules walked through the shallow water, the driver, Charlie Kline, walked on the plank at the side of the team. The board swayed, and to balance himself, he accidentally hit Mom in the ribs. She immediately kicked Charlie into the dam.

A mule's kick always lands. He does not kick unless he is sure of his mark, but a horse will kick any old time, hit or miss.

The mule, when forced to speed, will invariably break into a lope or gallop, there are very few mules that will trot under harness. I only knew personally of one exception, and of another by reputation. The former was owned by a man named Burns of Port Carbon, a big black mule that made the owners of fast horses uncomfortable, Along the Centre Turnpike, Burns would lie in wait trying to force them into a race and they did not want the disgrace of their horses being beaten by a mule. This old boy would swing that old buggy around the corners on two wheels. The latter, one was described to me, by old timers, as a big sorrel mule, owned by one of the Bittle families in Long Run. This mule could trot a mile in three minutes, which was fast time in those days of the high wheel sulkey and iron tires. In my own boyhood days, local horses seldom went better than two forty, before the advent of the low sulkey and rubber tire.

The dams of both these mules must have been fast-trotting through-bred mares. A great rivalry existed among the boatmen, as to who had the fastest running mules, and many exciting races took place; and fights there were without number.

These races took place at the "Halfway House", between Schuylkill Haven and Orwigsburg. I can recall the race track, and horses being speeded there, but no races. However, in my time, it was

a sport center, and I went to fox chases, where oftentimes a spoilt mackeral was drawn by some mischief-maker across the track of the fox, to divert the dogs from the original scent. Sometimes with success, and a fight would be the result!

When these mule races were run, the fastest mule did not always win. A boatman, confident that he had the best mule, and being the favorite with the betters, would enter a shafter in the race and lose out. His tendency to follow a leader would cause him to stay behind. The hotel was kept by a man named Wasner, and his son, Henry, or Henny, was the champion mule rider. He rode bare back, bare footed, bare headed, with nothing on but a short pair of trousers, and was great an attraction as the race, itself. The people gathered just to see Henny Wasner ride. For many years he was the proprietor of the Springarden Hotel at the corner of Centre Avenue and Dock Street, Schuylkill Haven, where he did an extensive business in buying, selling, and trading horses.

As in the World War, I knew a pair of mules that worked 72 hours, when the Pennsylvania Railroad was built into Pottsville. This was at the deep cut near Schuylkill Haven. Except the one hour feeding periods, day and night, when they got a good feed, and took a roll, they worked continuously. A mule will roll at every opportunity, and I have heard men say, "If you give him a roll, you can skip the feed".

Have you ever heard of anyone catching a runaway loose mule? I have not, and I have seen many of them.

I was brought up in the neighborhood of the Landing, the Canal Company's stables, and the many large stables where the mules of individual boatmen were housed; besides these, every boatman that lived

in the town had his stable of two or three mules. So a loose mule was almost a daily occurrence. Every evening before feeding and bedding they were given a roll and many got away. The cry would go up, "Loose mule!" and all the men and boys would run to the middle of the street to head him off, but if there was no alley or other street to turn into, he would come right on, and the crowd fled to the side walk. The mule would proceed down the next street, up the next alley, and so on until he was good and ready to return to where he belonged.

I knew a mule that was broken in to work, near the docks and stables. He was owned by a family from Port Carbon. When they came to town and tried to pass Coal Street, which led to where the mule was trained, one of the men would get out of the wagon and with a board would beat him on the side of the head until they got by, when he would be all right again. Otherwise, he would have run down the street.

This was the corner where a man cruelly pulled out a mule's tongue in his efforts to stop its balking.

What finally became of all these mules?

Many, when worn out, were left to fend for themselves in the commons, vacant lots, and adjoining woods, and became the plaything of the boys, who rode them about until some one would put them out of their misery, letting them lie where they fell.

There was an old mule in Cullies Woods, just this side of the "Seven Stars", and an energetic boy decided to kill him, skin, and sell the hide for one dollar to the hide collector from Friedensburg. He shot the mule square in the forehead with an old pistol, but he didn't drop. Instead he made for the boy, chasing him from tree to tree, almost scaring him to death. Finally a gypsy from a near camp killed the mule with a rifle and skinned him.

It was common to find carcasses in most any secluded place, where many of them were led and killed. One of the charnel plots most familiar to me was the north-west corner of the Canal Co. Farm at the extreme north end of the coal storage yards, at the foot of the mountain. The storage yards were not there then.

All this was obliterated by the closing of the Canal, and some years later came the rendering factory at the "Seven Stars." Here the fumes, like the spirit of man, ascended into a new mule heaven.

With a blind horse and an old mule, this factory, that prepared phosphate commodities, made its daily rounds into the coal districts to collect carcasses.

It was a common sight to see it return home, with two or three loaded on the wagon and three or four limping behind, tied to the tail board. Not all of these decrepit mules were immediately disposed of at the factory.

A farmer would receive one dollar for a worn out horse, if delivered alive on the premises. With this dollar and one or two more, he would take away a lame or heavy mule, that would answer his purpose on the farm for some years to come.

The proprietor of this plant at that time, told me that often when a fine mule was killed by accident, or hurt so it had to be killed that the man working for him would cut out choice pieces of meat and take it home to his family to eat. More than once he held them up, saying, "Did you ever see finer steak?" He furthermore said, that there were from time to time, as high as 15 to 20 carcasses stacked behind the building, frozen stiff in winter time, waiting to be rendered.

Claud Mule and her brother have gone from the canal and from all the larger mines. The twenty-four mule team of the western grain fields will soon follow, their only outlook is the poor man's small farm and the hilly places where gasoline and the machine cannot follow.

THE MULE STOOD ON THE CANAL BOAT DECK

Der mule sthoo't on der canal boat deck,
Fer de towpath he wouldn't dret,
Un day tied a halter round his neck,
Un vacked him on der net.

Bud obstanade un braced he sthoo't,
As do der seene to rule,
A cretuer of der holt-back brude
A stubborn stheadfast mule.

Day curshed and shwore, but he wouldn't go
Until he feld inclint,
Un do day dundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mint.

Der boats-boy to der shore gomplaint,
"Der varmount's bount to sthay"
Sthill up on dat alt mule's hite,
Der sounting losh mate play.

De captain from tee shore replied,
"Der boats apoud to sale!
As uttera meens in wain you'ved trite,
Suphose you twhist his tail."

De boats boy prave do pail,
Den near trew mit oud-sthretched hant,
To make dem thwist awail.

Den game a kick of dunder sount
Of dis boy you needn't botter,
Ask off der wafes dat far arount,
Behelt him in de watter.

Note: "The Mule Stood on the Canal-Boat Deck is a parody on another parody on the once-familiar Cassabiana, which begins, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."

Mr. John Bowman made the canal-boat parody, and for many years recited it and other Pennsylvania-Dutch "pieces" at various gatherings.

The parody which gave him the idea celebrated a steam-boat wreck.

The Library asked him for his copy and appends a translation for those not familiar with Pennsylvania Dutch accents.

THE MULE STOOD ON THE CANAL BOAT DECK

Der mule stood on der canal boat deck,
 For de towpath he wouldn't dret,
 Un day tied a halter round his neck,
 Un wacked him on der net.

But oparande un praced he stood,
 As do der seene to rule,
 A creature of der half-back prude
 A stubborn steshest mule.

Day gashed and swore, but he wouldn't go
 Until he feld inclint,
 Un de day dandered blow on blow,
 He altered not his mint.

Der boats-boy to der shore gompaint,
 "Der varmount's bount to stay"
 Still up on dat sit mule's hide,
 Der counting loch mate play.

De captain from tee shore replied,
 "Der boats spoud to sale!
 As utters means in wain you've trite,
 Suppose you twist his tail."

De boats boy prave do bail,
 Den near trew mit oud-astretched hand,
 To make dem twist await.

Den game a kick of dander count
 Of dis boy you needn't botter,
 Ask off der wates dat far around,
 Behelt him in de water.

Note: "The Mule Stood on the Canal-Boat Deck" is a parody on
 another parody on the once-familiar Gassians, which begins,
 "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."

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 lation for those not familiar with Pennsylvania Dutch accents.

THE MULE STOOD ON THE CANAL BOAT DECK

The mule stood on the canal-boat deck
For the tow-path he wouldn't tread,
And they tied a halter round his neck
And whacked him on the head

But obstinate and braced he stood
As though the scene to rule,
A creature of the hold-back breed
A stubborn steadfast mule

They cursed and swore, but he wouldn't go
Until he felt inclined
And though they thundered blow on blow
He altered not his mind

The boat's-boy to the shore complained
"The varmint's bound to stay"
Still upon that old Mule's hide
The sounding lash made play

The captain from the shore replied
"The boat's about to sail."
As other means in vain you 've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail.

The boat's-boy, brave though pale,
Then near drew with outstretched hand
To make that twist avail

Then came a kick of thunder sound
Of this boy you needn't bother
Ask of the waves that far around
Beheld him in the water.

THE MULE AT THE MINES.

I quote the following, given me by Mr. Nicholas Neider, of 425 East Norwegian St., Pottsville, Pa. Mr. Neider spent many years employed at Lincoln Colliery and at one time had charge of the team at that mine. "Mine mules are generally brought in from the western states "green". (What is meant by that is, not harness broke.) He is taken into the mines and left in the stable for a few days, to become accustomed to darkness. Then he is harnessed and left stand for a day. Next day he is put in a team. All teams in the mines are tandem. He is left walk along for a few days, before being urged to put any pressure against his collar. In many cases, they try it themselves.

"As time goes on and he begins to work, he is taken out of the team, taught to pull on an empty car, and then two empties, Once he masters that, he pulls a loaded car around.

"Drivers must use patience, for a loaded car is much harder to start than the two empties. Once he handles the one loaded car, hang the second one on. More patience to be used, for he knows the difference, and in many cases he refuses to pull. Give him plenty of time, and keep the cars bumped every time he stretches them, and finally he will take them away.

"All this is done by walking along side of him. Once you step back, he will turn around looking for you. As days go on and he gets confidence in you, you can start to ride the cars. Next move is to teach him "Gee" and "Haw". If he is real intelligent, he is put back in the team, to learn to be the leader, which is very hard work; for he is asked at all times, to start the trip. He knows ^{when} the rest behind him have to do their part. Once the trip is under way,

he takes it easy, until he finds it slowing up, then is when he goes to work again. A mule of this type looks for kindness, always, and will never refuse his driver if it is in his power.

"A strange driver for a day may spoil him, and it will take days to bring him around again. Also, in many cases, he is spoiled for good. Many mules that are bad can never be brought back, due to the abuse of their driver.

"A mine mule can find his way in the dark for miles.

"Never use a whip unless absolutely necessary and then coax him so that he knows that you are still his friend."

I asked Mr. Neider whether he ever had any serious trouble with mules, during his experience. He replied, only in one instance:

He had been given a green mule to train, a big fine, valuable one. After having put him through the regular routine, and came to put him in a team, he was astounded to find the mule work as though he had been trained to mine work before, which seemed almost impossible, there were no body marks of collar, bridle, or traces, to bear out that fact. He was gentle, friendly, and confiding, showing no signs of viciousness. Mr. Neider took a short vacation and upon returning, found the mule all that was mean. He would try and kick him off the bumper, so that he could not ride the trip, bite, kick with both hind legs and cut with the front ones. Finally, he became impossible and was left stand in the stable. Time went by, when the superintendent called Mr. Neider into the office. "Nick", He said, "there is a mule in the stable eating his head off and I understand he came here a good mule, and now you can do nothing with him." "That is correct. He must have been abused while I was away." "Well, everything, as you know, at the mines must pay, so manage to

get him out and then kill him." Nick secured an iron bar, struck the mule back of the ear with all his might; he collapsed to the floor, whereupon he jumped upon his body, striking him with all his force. Instead of dying, the mule began to scream. He let him up. From weakness and fright he could hardly stand, showing no signs of viciousness. Nick coaxed him, took his face between his hands, showing the mule that they could still be friends. He immediately put him in a team and the mule worked, but in after days, when Nick didn't work, the mule did not work, either. At the approach of the drivers, he went up in the air, front and back.

Ben H. Hay, superintendent of Oak Hill Colliery, said that his first job as a boy at the mine was to drive a mule, and his harness that was given him was from a mule of the abandoned Schuylkill Canal.

Robert Allison, who was born as a boy at the Lawton mine near Port Carbon, Pa., as early as 1837, and there were no mules used in mining then. They were all horses.

When I was a boy, a friend of the family, Mr. John H. Davis, then proprietor of the Ellsworth Colliery in New Castle Township, Schuylkill County, Pa., invited me to come up and visit his mines, and he would show me what it was like. With brother Lin and another boy, we took the train from Schuylkill Haven to Pottsville. From there we hiked across the Broad Mountain, by way of Peach Mountain, to the Colliery. Mr. Davis rigged us out with rubber boots, rubber coats, and miners' caps with a small lamp shaped like a coffee pot attached. He sent us down with a guide, in an open car. At the base of the slope our car was hooked on to a trip of empties, and drawn by a team of mules about one mile into the mines. The

explained everything, took us to see the men drill holes into the coal and then fire a shot by the old powder keg method. He explained the drift, and how cars were loaded there. We were then taken to a loaded trip going out, and told how we must now walk behind the cars, keep together and by no means fall back, should any one's lamp be extinguished by the dampness.

Water dripped everywhere, my light went out, but I plodded along through the slush. At a bend of the gangway, the trip came to a large wooden door, that was used in regulating the draft of air in the mines. The mules had to stop until this gate was opened to let us through.

When ready to start again, the mules were unable to budge the cars, try as they would. The gate keeper went back into the mines, and from out of the darkness came another driver, with a large grey mule. "Believe it or not", at the given word of both drivers, this mule stood up on his hind feet, placed his breast against the rear of the hindmost car, and pushed, walking on his hind legs until the team was well out of its difficulty.

When we reached the slope, an empty car was let down for us. Mr. Davis had dinner ready and after a good rest, we returned by the same route we had come.

Mr. Davis is still remembered by the older residents as having been one of the finest men of the Anthracite Region.

In the pioneer day of anthracite coal, a young couple, of England, came to this country and immediately embarked in the coal business. It wasn't long before they had a large family of little boys, each one of which, in after years, became very well

known through the anthracite region, and one was murdered by the Mollie Maguires.

Mules were always trained at the mines, inside in the dark. A good mule, inside, was not always a good one, outside. One of these boys was told by his father to take a mule to the surface and do some outside work with him. When they came to daylight, he wouldn't work. The boy tried everything he could think of, but to no avail. Then his mother came and she tried, exhausting all her efforts. Finally she said, "Well, I'll fix him." She went into the kitchen, secured a hot potato, lifted the mule's tail and slapped it under. I told a grand-daughter of this woman, that her uncle had told me this story. "Well", she said, "I am not at all surprised, as grandmother was a very capable woman." Sometime later this mule was horrible burned in the mines, and was brought up to be shot. This mother protested, "You dare not kill him!" The father said, "It will be up to you, he is yours. I wash my hands of him." She bathed the mule in sweet oil, padded him with cotton, attended him like a child, and finally healed his burns. When they wanted to take him back into the mines, she said, "Oh, no. He belongs to me."

He became quite a pet in the neighborhood, and the children had a good time riding him about the patch. When let out of the stable each morning, he would first go to the back gate and bray for the woman, who would come out, pet him and wash his scars.

I can vouch for the truth of this story, as the grand-daughter to whom I told the story is my wife, and the woman, my grand mother, by marriage.

*

At the Lawrence Colliery a one eyed cantankerous, obstinate
+ Between Frackville and Mahanoy Plane.

_____ was named _____ after a one-eyed notorious character,
well known throughout the region, who possessed the same character-
istics.

The mule is frequently used as a mascot by the U. S. Army
foot-ball team, and the 24 mule-team slogan is still heard on the
radio.

Regardless of the decline in numbers of the mule, he has
grown old in usefulness, song and story.

Not only have we the Biblical story of Absalom, there is
the World War song of "Good by Ma,

Good by Pa,

Goodby mule with your old He-Haw."

and,

"Old Thompson had an old grey mule
And he drove him around in a cart,
And he loved that mule,
And the mule loved him,
With all his mulish heart.

Old Thomspon knew .

When the rooster crew,

That the day was going to break.

So he curried that mule,

With the leg of a stool,

And he rubbed him down with a rake,

With a rake - with a rake - with a rake,

He rubbed him down with a rake.

That mule, he went "he haw"

"He haw - he haw - he haw"

And he rubbed him down with a rake."

John B. Bowman,
425 East Norwegian Street,
Pottsville, Pa.
November 10th, 1938.



This and the following picture, both of Dam No. 7, are practically continuous. The juncture of the two pictures just misses St. James Church--though it seems not included in either.

The old Seifert Steam Grist Mill lies to the right, and the Canal Company office is seen at the left of the bridge.

In the background is seen "Shannon Hill." Along its base "The Pike" ran north to Pottsville.

At its east end (to the right) can be faintly seen the beginning of "Nausedahl" hallow.
Note by: John B. Bowman

"THE OLD TURNPIKE"

This is one of the famous old turnpikes of our commonwealth. It was chartered in 1805. It was a part of continuous connection of turnpike roads from Philadelphia to Lake Erie, running diagonally from the south to the northwest corner of this State, connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic by way of Philadelphia. All of this was accomplished by 1832. Its object was to divert trade from New York City and Baltimore in favor of Philadelphia.

The one and only explanation as to the origin of the name "Turnpike", came from my twelve year old grandson, Richard Werner of State College. While explaining former places of interest, to him, along the old road, I chanced to remark, that how it came by the name turnpike, I could not explain. "Why, I know Grandpa" he exclaimed, "you see the toll gates consisted of a Pole or gate extending across the road. In order to collect the toll of the drivers, who came to the barrier, and wished to pass through, these either turned upward or from side to side, so they called the road "Turnpike" on account of the turning of its pole or, late, gates.

Two of these toll gates were operated at Mt. Carbon. The first one was placed about two thirds of the way from the Pennsylvania Shops to Cape Horn. This was some years before the shops were built, yet I recall this gate. There was no bank in Schuylkill Haven, and my Father took me along to Pottsville to do his banking, before I was able to walk. I cannot recall what man tended this gate, neither can I find out.

This same gate was later removed north to the bridge west of the road that comes down the Tumbling Run and East Mt. Carbon, and was kept by Henry Bell, whom I recall very well as a small thin man with a goatee. I believe the toll was three cents for a single team and five for a double team of horses. The reason why the gate was placed at the bridge was to make the teams coming in from Tumbling Run and by way of East Mt. Carbon pay toll, they had been coming to Pottsville free before its transfer.

Harrison Berger kept a general store, and his son John had to drive to Pottsville and procure all kinds of smoked meats at Ulmers. That was before Ulmers had a delivery system. John was not particular how many boys he took along, always four of us and oftentimes more, he only drove one horse with a covered spring wagon. Henry Bell, upon one occasion, would not let us through the gate. He said that

John was running a hack and referred to us boys as passengers, that he wanted the toll of a stage coach. We all laughed but John, who told Bell it wasn't so, and that he would back around, and use the road twice by going by way of Cressona. This stumped Bell, and he let us through.

All along the eastern side of the road, from the bridge to Cape Horn, there were homes or houses, and on the west side ran the canal to a guard lock at the "Horn", that is to say where the canal turned westward. Six or eight homes stood on the west side of the road, and are still down on the old road, just east of where the shops are. Back from the road stood the school house.

If you were to stand on most any high place in Pottsville, and look south, to Mt. Carbon, you will see, long rows of stones extending up the hill side, all the way from the shops to the woods on the east side of the shop yards. These rows of stone were the fences, that separated gardens of the homes that were along the pike before the coming of the Pennsylvania Railroad that took the place of the houses.

This long row of white-washed homes was of various construction and most of them stood a few feet back from the pike, and some of them had paling fence enclosures with a yard and trees in front. One day I saw displayed in the window of Esterley's Hardware store a sectional fishing rod, at twenty five cents. I did not have the price with me, but the next day I went with a quarter in my pocket, out to the turnpike and jumped on the back of a farmer's wagon, expecting to go up to Pottsville and buy that rod. There were two men on the seat; both turned and looked at me, however, neither one said "Get off", and I knew it was all right. When we were passing these houses at Mt. Carbon, there was a goat standing on the rail of a paling fence eating the leaves of a cherry tree. One of the men startled me, by turning suddenly back at me and exclaiming at the top of his voice. "Ay, gook mole de gaisbuck"! "Why, look once, the billy goat"!

There were several saloons, lively places, along the pike in this neighborhood. Two of them I can recall: Pat Malone's place and another kept by someone named Kinney.

Mt. Carbon in the early days was a rough place, a rendezvous for tough characters during the time of the canal operating to Port Carbon. It was said that the Schuylkill Rangers, a vicious order that preceeded the Mollie Maguires, made their headquarters here. Several of these were shot to death while attacking inoffensive people along the canal,

who fortunately were armed. Men had to arm themselves in those days. Here, too, the Mollies held forth. I have in mind, now living, posterity of some men who lived at Mt. Carbon and were said to be Mollie Maguires.

Each mile of the turnpike was marked by a mile stone, designating the given miles to a given city, for instance

M
T
R

which would mean thirty-five miles to Reading. This mile stone still stands on South Center Street, Pottsville, on the side walk directly below the Henry Clay Monument. It originally was placed on a vacant lot across the street, and was removed when homes were built upon the lot.

The Henry Clay plot, abutting on the turnpike was void of all brush and trees, and its face was bare rock extending upward toward the monument for many feet, where a grass plot existed, now grown over with brush, here cows were wont to graze. One day, one tumbled over these high rocks down unto Center Street. Strange as it may seem, she got upon her feet and walked away. This happened about fifty years ago, when there were dirt streets in Pottsville, and grass grew in the gutters and upon the sidewalks. Shade trees lined the sidewalks and were protected with iron tree boxes made of rods that were sharpened at the top to keep the cows from destroying the trees. Well, you could find "cow slips" most anywhere upon the sidewalks of Pottsville.

Speaking of cows, I saw a most distressing accident happen to one, when I was a boy in Schuylkill Haven.

We were sitting under an awning on Dock Street near the Adams grist mill, when a number of cows came along, upon the opposite side of the street. One of them switched her long tail around a telegraph pole and it knotted fast, she began to jump with her immense weight, but it failed to let go. A Mr. Hertzell from the mill rushed to help her. However, before he got there she had jumped clear of the pole, tearing off her tail close to the rump of her body, with about a four inch bloody stump extending, the tail still fast to the pole. Like the cow of the monument, she walked away. I saw her several times afterward with a rag tied around the stump, but about a month afterward she lay dead in the "White Church" Woods.

A man by the name of Klinert kept the store in the early days at Mt. Carbon. Then molasses came in hogsheads, delivered from a vehicle upon two wheels instead of a floor.

This cart had two heavy planks, reinforced with iron sheeting to give them strength, and iron pins held the hogshead in place. Going over the rough road on the way to the store, the pins became loosened and jolted out. The hogshead flew off the truck, struck the street with its immense weight and broke. The molasses spread thick, out over the street. It was during the panic succeeding the Civil War and people were poor, they came running with buckets and cans, gathering up the molasses, dirt and all until there wasn't a vestige of it left. John Glaser of East Norwegian Street vouches for the above story.

Henry
Valentine Stichter, who died at the age of ninety years, and is dead nineteen, told me that the original first road up the valley from Schuylkill Haven to Pottsville ran on the west side of the Schuylkill, before the Reading Railroad was built. This is likely. The Railroad was built in 1841 and 1842, and he was born about 1831, which would have given him about ten years prior to the completion of the Railroad.

He said that there were houses and an hotel along this highway. I myself recall that in answer to the question, why Cullie's woods was so named, my father replied that a family by the name of McCullough lived there where the railroad now extends.

I remember another house on the west side of the river, that could not be reached by any wagon road. Perhaps it had to do with the canal, nevertheless it was over there. Mrs. Garrett lived there, and to deliver her store produce, we crossed a foot bridge, leaving the turnpike, and crossed the river and canal to get to her home. An old abutment to this bootbridge is still existing in a delapidated condition on the west side of the Schuylkill, about one hundred yards south of the "Lone Star Hotel" on the pike.

Mrs. Garrett was a good looking woman with one son and a big handsome daughter, who married Darius Harner, who kept a hotel on Canal Street, Schuylkill Haven. Darius had neither legs nor arms, and was driven about in a surry with two small coal black Indian ponies. They had one son who was left an orphan at a very early age. Traces of this old road can be seen before you cross the Reading Railroad at Connors, if you look to the right, where it makes a right turn. Also the road through the "Gravel Hole" from Pottsville, down to where the rolling mill once functioned, must also be part of that old highway.

Just south of Scott's Hotel on the turnpike there existed a wagon road that led between the meadows to a footbridge across the Schuylkill and stopped at the railroad.

I am inclined to believe that it too once connected with the "Old Road", that Mr. Stichter spoke of. Traces of this lane still exist, and I remember the bridge that crossed the canal connecting it with the turnpike.

I also recall that somewhere in the neighborhood of this lane, there existed an extract factory, for a few years, that specialized in wintergreen and birch flavors. The management paid boys several cents a pound for wintergreen leaves but it took too long to get a bag filled with leaves, and when they did, the leaves were dried out and lost their original weight, and Fourth of July money was not forthcoming from industry, long. As I have previously stated the turnpike was completed in 1832, after which came the Reading Railroad that paralleled it in this section.

What the engine and cars were like then, I cannot say, I wasn't there, but my first impression of coal cars is the small wooden four-wheeler, whole strings of them that only held six or eight tons. They had large lever brakes, extending almost the whole length at the side, and a row of hooks running down the side at the rear end of the car. To brake or snub the train, the man had to run over the top of the cars, crawl down on the bumper between cars, push down the lever into the hooks and go on to the next car. Frequently the lever failed to catch (as it was manipulated by the feet, to give it proper pressure) and would knock him off the car.

Then came the wooden eight-wheelers, that held twelve to sixteen tons, and the trains were sometimes mixed, four-wheelers and eight-wheelers. This car had a wheel at its rear, that made braking easier. It could be done by hand, but most brakemen carried a broom stick which they put between the spokes of the wheel and against the upright rod attached to the wheel. This gave them greater power, than only using their hands, to twist the wheel. Coupling had to be done by hand with both style cars, by crawling between and using a pin.

These two methods of manipulation caused many accidents, that the railroader of to-day need not fear.

We used to call the crossing at Cressona the "Crossing", but old Mr. Connor, (whom I knew well) was watchman at that place for so many years that it became named for this little old Irishman, "Connors Crossing" and now, "Connors".

The turnpike was a very busy thoroughfare, as I recall it during my early boyhood. Long droves of cattle went down

the pike almost daily, their destination was not the smaller town, as they went right through. One day I stood on the sidewalk near the Spring Garden Hotel, and watched the largest drove of cattle go by, that I have ever seen. They were going out of sight, out toward the almshouse, and coming in up the pike, by way of the "Five Locks", at the same time. I thought the string would never end. They were footsore and weary, moving very slowly.

At another time, I should say sixty years ago, two men, regular cowboys, with wide brimmed hats, chaps and lariats, came to the Mackey Hotel and yards situated on the pike, with a drove of wild horses, I should say in the neighborhood of one hundred. How they got there I do not know.

These horses were mostly small, with here and there a good sized one among them. They were sold to farmers and boatmen mostly, some turned out well and others not so good. I recall two that were impossible. I believe the training of these wild horses depended very much upon the trainer, for I knew a farmer just outside of town who purchased two of the larger ones, that worked well in a short time, and both within the year dropped a foal, all four becoming splendid horses.

When a purchaser made his selection, these two cowboys would make strange hallowing sounds, the horses would mill and then gallop at high speed. One man would drive them on while the other stood with his rope ready, and as they came his way, he would fling the lariat high out over the heads of the fast-running horses. It would fall down over the very head of the one wanted. He would then brace himself and hold on, the horse would snub, sometimes fall, but always regain its feet, turn facing the man, and back with all its strength against the rope, until it choked and fell, whereupon the other man would run, sit on its neck, place the halter on the head, let it up and hand it over to the purchaser.

I have attended many cowboy shows, nevertheless, I have never seen better roping of horses than these men did. In the shows, several other cowboys would so drive the horses into a position in order that they could be caught. Not so with these men, if the horses came within the length of the rope, they roped their horse and the rest ran on. I sat on the fence every day until the horses were all sold. One day a beautiful little chestnut mare, at full speed tried to jump over the fence and failed. The upper rail broke and its ragged edge went clear through her thigh. They gave her to a local horseman, who cured the sore, but the leg shrank to a shortness of nine or ten inches. She tiptoed on an iron extension, the leg never lengthened and the horse was altogether useless.

These men possessed beautiful saddles, the shining brass trappings upon them, the stars, sunflowers, and rising suns, glittered brighter than gold, and served their purposes by keeping the horse safe from the "Evil Eye".

Along the turnpike were many taverns, that were really stations or stopping places for "droviers" with their herds of cattle. I am told that a man by the name of Jerry Reed in 1774 was the proprietor of one at the head of the lane leading to the almsnouse, and in 1833 it was kept by a man named Fritz. In my time this house always was used as a home for some of the employee's families at the almsnouse. However, it had a barn immediately across the pike, just like taverns were located in the early days. This house, just recently has had it's weather boards removed, and in appearance returned to its original condition as a Log house wayside inn.

Those taverns that functioned in my time were, Siberlings, that is now the MacAdams farm, The Half-Way House, still there, but in a modern way.

This Half-Way House came near being the first county seat of Schuylkill County. Friedensburg was the first choice, then the Half-Way House was chosen on account of being near the Canal, and its splendid location on the turnpike. Through some political manipulation Orwigsburg was finally chosen.

The Spring Garden Hotel, built by Nathan Butz, my Grandfather, had large horse and cattle barns and yards.

Mackey's Hotel had a long horse stable on one side, and a large cattle barn and yard on the other side of the pike.

The Seven Stars Hotel (still there) had a large horse stable near at hand with a cattle barn and yard directly up the lane. My Father was a cattle dealer. He died when I was but ten years old, however, I recall distinctly, that he used each one of these cattle stations, with the exception of that one at the almsnouse, to display his stock.

Scott's Hotel, had no accommodation for "droviers", neither had the Lone Star Hotel. Nevertheless the latter was popular with the farmers, who came from a distance, and had to stay over night.

My Father kept a general store on the pike next door to the Spring Garden Hotel. He dealt extensively in horses and cattle, hogs and sheep. A driveway extended between the buildings down to the stables and yards, where he kept his live stock. The Pennsylvania Railroad has taken

away all but the two buildings.

Father bought his cattle at East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa. They were shipped direct to Schuylkill Haven and Reading, Pa. When unloaded at the latter place, he would meet them there with horse and buggy and men and dogs. They would drive up the Lebanon Valley to Lebanon, where Father was born and spent his boyhood. They would sell to farmers and butchers on the way, and in the town, returning with the remainder to Schuylkill Haven, by way of Jonestown and Pinegrove. On his more direct trips from Reading to Schuylkill Haven he did the same. In some instances the farmers would buy in large numbers and father would return, sold out.

Squire Snayberger, of Molino, told me how he bought lean cattle by the carload, to fatten and sell. This was after Father's time. He would plant acres of turnips, a peculiar flat variety, some of which grew as large as a dinner plate. These he would boil in a very large caldron to a mash and feed warm, to the cattle at night-fall. This he said was the best food to fatten cattle.

Father used two dogs, Shep and Fan, and we had old Hunter, who had to stay at home. To me, these three dogs were the best that ever lived. My Bull dog Mike was a vicious beast.

These two cattle dogs were always alert and nimble, they kept the herd together, headed off stragglers and turned them back. They knew their part well. When the man at the head of the drove approached a cross road and wished to go straight ahead, he would shout "Come boys!". With dash and fire, they would circle the herd, each taking charge of a cross road or intersection. Though seldom barking, they were not still a minute.

Shep was a black sheep dog on the order of the collie's of to-day. I do not know Fan's breed, but she was black and white. For intelligence, speed, and scent she hadn't her equal in the community. She won all the fox chases. Father always had a fox tied somewhere, and once he loaded us kids into the sleigh and took us down to Siberlings and showed us two wolves, that Fan had won. They didn't look much different than dogs, I thought, and were chained in the stable. He never brought them home, so I guess they went along with the man who had promoted the chase.

Shep came to an untimely end by eating a fried cork. His sufferings were so great that Joe Maberry was called in to shoot him. The solution of his trouble was, that

the fried cork was meant for Fan. Some poor sport had placed it, expecting to remove her, on account of her enviable record as a hunter and fox dog.

Father would have several car loads of little pigs on hand in the spring, he called them shoats, but most of his customers, the Irish excepted, called them "Lafer Sy", little pigs.

In the fall he sold large pigs ready to butcher.

Nearly every one in those days, had a pig sty at the end of his lot, and men spent their Sunday afternoons going through the alleys, peeping over the fences, to see who had the largest pigs.

At butchering time many bets were made, as to how much a hog would weigh, or there would be a bet between two men as to whose pig was the heavier. Jealousy or non-payment of a debt often caused bad feeling between families, and much comment in the community.

Father spent most of his adult life in the school board of Schuylkill Haven, and was its secretary. A red-headed man from New Jersey located in the town and started a drug store on Main Street. He posed as a funny man and wit. Father unloaded a car-load of fat hogs at the freight station, and was driving behind them in an open buggy up the street, when the druggist cried out "Henry, are they all school directors"? Father replied, "Why, no, can't you see they are a lot of new red Jersey men just come to town".

Several years ago I stood on Lawton's Hill with a brother, who seemed to have been Father's stand by, as a boy, in the cattle business. He pointed over to "Seltzer Hill" in Jalappa, and said, "John, Father housed cattle on that hill, and I drove them from there in all directions and as far as Tamaqua". I inquired of a still older brother (eighty six years old) about it, and he told me that that hill was the gathering place for all the "droviers" in the region. The Seltzers, Weissingers, Sol. Moyer, (who started the first shoe factory in Orwigsburg, in the Old Court House) and Niece and Sunday (from Hamburg) used that hill, for distribution of their cattle. The butchers and farmers would come there to make their selection.

The Stock Yard Hotel, at the corner of Coal and Nichols Streets, was their headquarters, at which place there were more cattle yards. The Stock Yard Hotel was also the Hay Market. The farmers with hay, would place their loads on Coal Street, and men desiring to make purchases would

come there to do so. Clover, timothy, "schwam gross", (meadow hay) and second crop, for cows.

If a farmer failed to make a sale, he would often drive down to the Lone Star Hotel, on the pike, and place his load in the shed over night, and try again the next day.

I interviewed a very old resident of the Jalappa section regarding Seltzer's Hill. He did not know anything about the cattle on the hill, however, he did say that a man sold mustang horse from their thirty-five or forty years ago. I remember these horses, some of the plugs and unsalable ones that were left, were often turned out on Lawton's Hill to graze.

This old resident, stated that old inhabitants, when he was a boy, said that a man by the name of Jack Kepple lived on the hill and hauled coal down Center Street in cars on wooden rails, dumping the coal into boats, where the Plaza Hotel now stands. These boats brought merchandise to Pottsville, returning to Philadelphia with coal.

Father one day told Mother, that he had stabled two cows, from among a herd of cattle, and that she had better try and milk them. I was the baby in dresses, and she took me with her, standing me in the doorway to watch her do the milking. "Oh Boy"! when she approached that black cow, up the cow went over the partition of the stall and ran down through the long stable and out the front door. It looked to me, then, as though the cow had jumped as high as a mountain. Nevertheless it must have been four or five feet. She was a range cow and did not know anything about being milked.

Father always kept a stable of horses, and the boys of the neighborhood would gather at the stable. Father would tell each grown boy, "Now, this horse is yours, and that one belongs to him, and so on, as long as they are here but you must clean and tend him". In payment for this they were allowed to exercise the horse every day.

Dr. Ed Heiser was a boatman, and received his first horse experience by associating with Father about the stable.

My brother Harry (now a very old Physician) was studious and read all about horses, imparting his knowledge to Heiser. Father had received a very fine, blooded, trotting young mare that trotted with a limp, and a ten inch lump on her front shoulder. Between Harry and Heiser they decided that the lump contained some foreign matter, and with Father's permission they decided to cut Katy Did's shoulder open and see. Harry agreed to hold her, if Ed would do the cutting. The operation was successful, Heiser drew out nine inches of a trotting sulkey shaft.

This was Heiser's first surgical venture and the beginning of a successful career. The horse healed up fine and became the family pet, as speedy as the wind.

We all believed we had the fastest horse that ever was. She won and lost like a good sport, on the track, but for a straight road horse she had no equal in the region. One winter day Father told Harry at the dinner table, to take Katy and the sleigh (standing in front of the house) and to drive to the Almshouse and get a voucher for some cattle. From there to drive to the Miners National Bank in Pottsville, and have the voucher cashed. Before the family had left the dinner table Harry was back and handed Father the money. Father grew excited, exclaiming, "Why, what have you done to Katy?" "Well, you know how she is, she won't let any horse pass her, and when I came out of the lane at the almshouse, two men with a big, high-stepping bay horse were laying for me. She went off like a shot all the way to the bank. When I came out they were there, and one of the men said, 'Let's race again.' I said, 'No', but they came on right behind me and she went off again". I used to look back", he said, "to see if they were near, in hopes that she would lessen her speed, but they were coming right on, with the horse's knees high in the air. I would have let them pass, but she wouldn't let me."

Father always took me with him, as a youngster, and I could tell many interesting stories as to how he chased and was chased along the turnpike, that was used as a regular speedway for men who possessed fast horses. The last time I saw "Katy" was over in the Jefferson Valley. She was then about eighteen years of age, knee sprung in front and string halt in the rear. She was contentedly grazing with her little black colt in a meadow. The farmer did not know me. When I asked what made his horse so crooked. "Vy, "he said, "she vass Henry Powman's driving horse, and does Powman's pois drove her like de deffil, up and down hill un' made her legs pent." I didn't explain that she herself was to blame, on account of her love of speed. He wound up by saying, "She is anyhow yet the best horse in the Walley".

Schuylkill County's first court house stood in the town square at Orwigsburg, facing upon the old turnpike, and is still there -- though the pike has deserted it.

About a mile and a half farther down the pike stands the historic "Red Church". Here Philip Meyer (Moyer) preached, from the year 1809 to 1857. His relatives say 49 years, but the above figures show 48 years.

Philip Meyer possessed a cure for rabies or hydrophobia. Whether success was accidental or genuine, in the administration of the formula, it is a known fact that

WHAT I HEARD BACK IN THE 1880's

Forgive me, my friends, for an old man has his weaknesses. It is a strange thing, this age that creeps upon one. So, today, as I write, the years fall away from me and I am back again in the 1880's.

When I have told you these ridiculous stories, you will have concluded that they are unique, though a bit "shady" at times.

I hope that some readers will be interested in these little tales and sayings that have sprung up in my memory since my last having written. Some of them are most human and true, picturesque and humorous.

The press, stage, books, and radio of to-day, are replete with smart and undignified sayings, so with reluctance, and pleading your forgiveness, I indulge along the same lines.

The Pennsylvania Dutch word, Hinnerdale, means the hind end of anything, but is more often applied to that part of the human anatomy that rests upon the seat of a chair when you sit down.

The Widow Losh had more house room than she needed, so when Jake Shadel got married and wanted to go to housekeeping, he knocked at her front door and asked, "Ep ser erra hinnerdale weck lona wella?" Translated, that question asked whether she wanted to lend away her hind end.

An old friend of mine, when disgusted with the sayings of anyone, would always say, "So abigkite, un dumma lite,

Ich schlock eich schwissha de hanna," Translated, "Such ever-lasting dumb people I could hit between the horns."

A mother calling her little son, to bring his sister and not quarrel with her, said, "Jamie, fetch Mamie, but don't fight on her. Get off dot cowcumber bet."

I called to a farmer boy on a wagon, "James how is your Father?" He replied, "I! Do you know her?"

"Nuchamole" is a Pennsylvania Dutch word, meaning "another time", "once more", and is used in various ways to suit the occasion. While we were sitting, watching a cobbler pegging away, using the old time wooden pegs now out of use, one of the boys handed him a small very ripe peach. Not wishing to miss more strokes than necessary with his hammer, the shoemaker stuffed the whole peach into his mouth. In crushing it, the pit or stone shot into his throat and stuck there. He choked and coughed, wheezed and squeezed, we thought he was going to die. He had yelled, "Hit on me!" so we pounded with all our might on his back. Finally the stone shot out upon the floor. The first thing he said when he came to, was, "God Dam, ditto nuchamole!" "Goddam, the same and another time."

Cap. Wildermuth, of Palo Alto always lent emphasis to a speech by the ending, "By cot, at the same time come." Evidently, this was his literal English translation of "Bei Gott, nuchamole!"

"He schлага" is a Dutch word having various meanings hee (against) schлага (to hit) against. When a boy was asked why his little brother was crying, he replied, "Ich topem yust

a pour heeschlaga." "Why, I have him just a few hit against" or I just hit him a few."

Dan Eagan, an Irish saloonkeeper on North Centre Street, Pottsville, ended all his sentences, while speaking, with the emphatic expression, "Dam shoutin' pretty right."

A young man escorted two sisters, who lived in "Nause-dahl", home from the Cressona campmeeting. They entertained him in the kitchen. Its sole furniture consisted of an old fashioned wood cook-stove and a board table with a bench extending along each side. He sat himself on one side and the two girls on the other. Without any warning, the Father burst in to the room and exclaimed, "Made mauch dichus bed," and then to the young man, "Un do mach dich hame. Do sitcht zoo wide opp anyhow." Translated, "Girls, make your selves to bed, and you make yourself hame. You're sitting too far apart, anyhow."

Two men were in the midst of a heated argument, when one said to the other, "Yah, Ich hop di Dauty un Mommey gekert, sie wore alla bate keffer pickus." "Yes, I knew both your Father and Mother and they were both bug pickers." I surmise that he meant to imply that they were farmers, and picked potato bugs. Or did he mean another sort of bug, happily not now so prevalent?

A father instructing his boy about his chores said, "Du cum de shire huse, un swich do gowel ever de fense hay nouse." "You come the stable out and pitch the horse over the fence the hay out."

Two engines came together, head on. No one was hurt,

but the engineers were trying to determine which one was to blame, when Dan Reichart ran up to them and said, "Ain't you dit not know two injines could not went past on the same drack?" Dan wasn't much on grammar, but displayed an unique vocabulary. He had an invalid wife. One morning he came into town and was greeted by one of his friends, "Well, Dan, how's the wife, today?" He replied, "Oh! He complains better to-day, he stands on her hint ent, in bed, and eats a little."

"Ve states de lava", was and is a common greeting among the Pennsylvania Dutch today. It means, "How are you doing, etc?" and is answered by "Goot", "Nix zoo glauga", "Simlig goot, etc". "Good", "Nothing to brag about", or "Pretty good." To explain his financial condition I once heard a man say, "Ich hop swelf aucker lort in Norce Monheim, nava Brommerstettle, a brenney kew un a cowel ter zoo." "I have twelve acres of land in North Manheim, near Brommerstown, a brown cow and a horse with it."

"Fetta uxa un dummel lite" was a common saying and always applied to Berks County. It was said that "the fat oxen and dumb people" came from there.

"Gev aucht for de gile" "Look ouf for the horses." This expression orginated on the Lebanon valley branch of the Reading R. R. between Reading and Lebanon. I know that it persisted there, for more than once I have heard it at the approach of each station. Not children, but men and women would exclaim, "Gev aucht for de gile" and rush to the windows of the car.

To name a dog "Uno", and, when asked his name, to

reply, "you know" was a common joke and not new to the writer, but the Dutch "Frogen" was new to me, when I heard it, and was sprung by a farmer on Sculps Hill. "Frogen" means, "Ask him". He told me to ask the dog several times before I caught on.

Charlie Maberry, the south Centre Street blacksmith, told me that he and another boy, Walter Burket, made a trip on his cousin's, Charlie Maberry's, boat. He said that both boys were too young to think seriously of their duties, that they frolicked during the entire trip. They played tag all around the hatch-ways and finally upset the cookstove. Cousin Charlie couldn't leave the tiller, as he had to keep the boat in the proper channel. Frantic with rage, he called out, "Come here you little sons of bitches till I kick your asses for you."

Our own Charlie, down Centre Street, likes to tell this story, because it strikes him funny that his cousin should have asked him to come and have his ass kicked.

"Vas iss der worhite" means "What is the word" or "What is the question to-day". A young minister preaching in Pennsylvania Dutch in one of the Cressona churches, exclaimed so often, "Vos is de vorhite " during his discourse, that a man rose up from among the congregation, and yelled, "I, de vorhite is as der Johnie Fisher cent net bretticha", and then he walked out of the church. "Why, the word today is that Johnie Fisher cannot preach."

In the "Long, long ago", my elder sister took music lessons from a German professor by the name of Jacobi of Pottsville. During one of her lessons, he persisted in saying and repeating "You're dumb. You're dumb". She burst out crying,

rushed into an adjoining room and complained to Father, who asked an explanation of the Professor. Replying he said, "Why no, no, no, I only meant that she should use her thumb!"

"De sheenies hova do neses, over net louter roat."

"The Sheenies have the noses, but not altogether red." This saying was prevalent, though peculiar to one locality, and mean that the Jew had good qualities as well as bad.

"Ich con an unna lemonade off floppa ver nix", was what I heard a boy say to his companion at a pink lemonade stand. "I could flap off another lemonade like nothing."

"Do cum mole do un huck dich un der uffa. Do bist suffa", is what I heard a mother on a frosty September morn say to her son. "You come once here and sit you on the stove. You are drunk."

When asked to decide or enact a thing, I have heard, in answer to the request, this, or similar answers, "Maybe, I guess, sometimes, perhaps, after while I might!"

Pottsville had two simple minded young men, when one saw the other, he would say to those within hearing, and pointing, "Tommy Jones, he is crazy. I am only simple."

When Fritz Borz kept a saloon on North Centre Street in the City of Pottsville, a customer said, "Fritz, you can't tell me how many doors there are in this bar room". Fritz counted, "One, two, three, four". "That's wrong" said the customer, and he counted "One, two, three, four - and six cuspidors makes ten!" This proved a great joke to the proprietor. When the next customer came, he said, "I bet you ten

dollars, you don't know how many doors in this room." The bet was taken, the customer counted four, then Borz counted, "One, two, three, four, and six spittons."

Fritz was once asked whether he knew anything about Shakespeare. "I don't know nothin' about Chakes beer, I keep Yuenglings beer", he replied.

The term "Hayseeder" was applied mostly to the "Country Jake." However, the unsophisticated and non-comprehending town weakling received his share of its application. The Country Hayseeder was also the "Clod Hopper."

"While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land."
(Milton)

It was he that made the furrows, over which the Clod-hopper hopped, which gave him his peculiar stride.

"The swain, mistrustless of his smudged face
While secret laughter tittered round the place.
For him, light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more."
(Goldsmith)

The "Clodhopper" as a rule, wore heavy shoes, so all heavy shoes such as cowhide, buckle and woden pegged were also known as clodhoppers.

I was once a floorwalker in a large department store, and while I was standing inside of the door, waiting for prospective customers, a farmer and his son stepped inside, when the man inquired, "Iss dis Morrison's Store?" I replied, "No, this is Dives, Pomeroy & Stuart's dry goods store. Morrison's

is a grocery store on the next corner." The boy in amazement and astonishment looked into my face and exclaimed, "Ho, Gimminy Pikes, it's no wonda dey calls us hayseedaahs!"

Many years ago, the Schuylkill Haven Council was adjourned forever. This is hardly believable, as they have a borough Council there to-day.

When the Traction Company was seeking a right a way through that town, two factions formed in the community, one wanted the the trolley cars to run down Main Street, and the other down Union. The discussion grew so hot that they finally agreed to meet with the Borough Council and decide the matter.

Each side employed a very prominent lawyer from Pottsville, the argument of these two became so great, that they began to fist fight. Finally one was beaten to the floor. Whereupon the other proceeded to kick him under the table.

The president pounded with the gavel and declared, "This Council stands adjourned, NOW AND FOREVER MORE!"

Many of the witnesses to this scene have passed away, but there are still some few remaining. A dignified, white haired, patriarchal, very old lawyer, seen almost daily on the streets of Pottsville, today, was the victor of the battle, at this disbarring of the Council.

A rag man, whose horse was entirely worn out and ready to be put out of its misery, approached a horse jocky to purchase another plug, at the same time persisting that he should receive something to boot in consideration for his old horse. The jockey persisted that it was no good, which the old man denied. "Well, what is he good for", asked the dealer. "Why, for slow", the rag man replied.

I inquired of a woman who was mourning the death of her mother, as to what had caused her death. "Why, she had ammonia on the lungs, and she died so seldom."

A Pottsville high school student, when asked what was ailing his brother, said, "He has bronkites umomeia." This high school student is now a prosperous physician in a New England city.

I know a doctor of Pottsville, and if he was to tell you to use the telephone, he would say, "Foam over to John Smith."

A prominent member of a neighborhood church visited the Sunday School of another and after the lesson of the day was taught, he was invited to address the school. After Haranguing, explaining, hemming and hawing, he took his seat, meditated for a few minutes, and then to those near him was heard to exclaim, "Mine Cot, vas an ga-gocks." "My God, what a cackle." "Ga-gocks" is what the chicken does after she lays an egg.

TWO EXPRESSIONS OF SPEECH THAT PUT TWO MEN TO JAIL

Looking back, through the many interesting years of my life, I found the origin of a phrase that was prevalent throughout the County during the 1870's and 1880's. "Feed em ust un saug nix" "Just feed them and say nothing."

Along about the year 1874 or 1875 the Poorhouse barn burnt away. Like the barn fire of more recent years, it was ignited by an inmate. The contract to build a new one was given to a carpenter, one of the old original German settlers of Schuylkill Haven, John Haman. This building took a long time

to construct, as you will recall that the barn of the recent fire was very large. During the many months of its construction, Haman housed and bedded his team at the County Home. Whenever any of the employees at the institution would remonstrate with him about it, he would always say, "Feed em yust un saug nix." This saying went like wildfire through the County, which caused the authorities to investigate his affairs regarding the building of the barn, and the outcome was that he spent a term in jail.

In more recent years, "Honest Nery", a Poor Director, would say, "How much iss mine", whenever a contract was given, or jobs distributed. He would always ask that question. He, too, went to jail, despite having been a Sunday School superintendent and an exhorter in the Church.

In the 1880's they used to say "There is but one crime punishable by law, the crime of being found out." When apprehended, they were always punished. Today, a man high in office can be indicted by a Grand Jury for criminal offenses and not be brought to trial. His son can be indicted upon a greater number of charges, and family influence s can keep him from trial. ~~As a result~~

The parole and suspended sentence systems have kept less prisoners in the jails, but filled the County with murderers, bandits and criminals of all kinds. Oh! What a difference since 1880.

As I return again to old age and 1939, the "Joan" of my long and happy life, says, "The idea of a man at your age writing such stuff."



Copy made April, 1934 of original.

Dam No. 7, Schuylkill Canal, Schuylkill Haven.

Taken from railroad bridge.

About 1880. NOTE BY: H.CARL WILSON

At the end of a portion of the dam breast is seen the wall of the guard-lock, which is now part of the garden of the First National Bank.

Immediately above it is seen the Lutheran Church, and farther to the left the Trinity Evangelical Church, in which the author grew up.

In the background the "Pogy" fields can be seen, and in the dim distance looms the "Schwetta Barrack," or Second Mountain.

The boat in the foreground shows no stable, therefore it is a "company boat" of the scow type.

The boat behind and to the right of it was rounded, instead of undercut, and therefore a barge type.

NOTE BY: J.B. Bowman

Some things that you may
never see or hear.

"There are still some things remaining,
That remind us of the past,
But they have changed,
As all things change here
Nothing in this world can last."

Pottsville has seven Fire Companies, all well equipped and volunteers, in fact the best Volunteer fire department in the State, at the present time. I am a member of the American Hose Company, and am loyal to my order, but the Good Intent sitting room exceeds them all for sociability, and is the best "yarn factory" in the city, spinning yarns of an excellent texture. Pinochle is played to excess and a strict rule of the company is, that you dare not gamble, nor place a bet within the building.

On April 20th, 1904, the Good Intent Company suffered a heavy fire loss about 1:45 A. M.

The Finance Committee had just finished balancing the accounts of a dance previously held and left the building for their homes. What was their surprise to learn next morning that their company house had been gutted by fire, with an apparatus damage of \$2,000 and a total loss of over \$4,000. The American Hose had stored one of their carriages with the Good Intent, which would have been returned the next day and it was badly damaged. The old members tell me, that it was an inside job, that they could have laid their hands on the man who did it. However, he was spared on account of his membership.

The Phoenix Hose Company when first organized was named the *Hydraulian*, but subsequently took the name of Phoenix. About the year 1915 this company, too, had a fire in the rear of their building and one of their beautiful white horses was so severely burned that it died.

Among the many things that are past and gone, that once were familiar in our midst. The three beautiful, snow white horses drawing the Phoenix hook and ladder truck, at a gallop, turning the corner at Center and Norwegian Streets.

Each of the other six Fire Companies had horse drawn fire engines, and a parade of these seven companies, with their horse drawn apparatus, far exceeded in beauty, the parades to-day of the gas driven trucks.

I have seen the trolley cars come and go, with a 5 ct. or six for a quarter fare to Schuylkill Haven, then 8 and 12 cts. and finally suspension and the tracks torn up.

At one time a one horse drawn street car line existed on Center and West Market Streets running from Mt. Carbon to Twelfth St., In winter time, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, it was changed to a large sleigh with a long bench extending on both sides to accommodate the passengers. This sleigh was covered, on the order of a covered wagon, and was nick-named "The Market

Street Sunbonnet".

An old resident has told me that in the pioneer days of anthracite coal, in Pottsville, horse drawn coal cars upon wooden tracks existed on Center Street.

When I purchased my home on East Norwegian St., with a rear lot facing Adams Street, I found the foundation ruins of a building, and upon inquiry, the oldest residents of the neighborhood said that they were those of a school house, and that they had gone to school there, also that at one time a normal school existed on the same lot on Norwegian St.

They also told me that they had a swimming hole on East Market Street, its location was about the 500 block. A creek ran where the Jackson St. School Building now stands. This was dammed up, and Pine trees stood about it.

The dirt streets and the Sprinkler have gone. The sprinkler was a large tank on wheels, with a long spout in its rear, which was perforated with holes through which the water spouted, allaying the dust. It was a welcome sight on a hot day and gave the children a great deal of pleasure. The sprinklers were drawn by horses from the various fire companies, who collected about twenty five cents per home (if they could) as a fee for sprinkling. The city of Pottsville still owns a sprinkler, but it is gas driven and only used at the Schuylkill County Fair, at Cressona, and cannot compare in romance with the old time horse drawn sprinklers.

The cry of "Limie Dimie" where is the crier now? This character drove through the country and the various towns of the county every spring and fall at house cleaning time, with a horse and wagon filled with lime and was a joy to many house wives and farmers.

His cry was,
In time o' lime,
In time o' lime,
Lime for a dime,
A dime o' lime,
A dime o' lime,
White wash lime,
For a dime,
Just in time.

The "Doggie Diamond man" Oh Where! Oh Where can he be! I have missed him only in recent years. He was a small emaciated little Italian man with a large mustach, staring eyes, and wore a wide brimmed hat, he carried a bag into which he put his doggie diamonds.

He collected the lime droppings of dogs and made a round about once a week, to alleys, vacant lots, and to dog houses, at homes where they kept dogs. He came to my vacant lot regularly, (a play ground for ours) It is located high in back of the house and he would peer down at me, with those fascinating eyes, as though he expected me to give the "huss". Being curious, as to the use of these diamonds, also as to how he could profit by their collection, I did a little research work and found that they are the principal ingredient used in the tanning of the finest kid leather especially that used in making gloves. The men so employed are shunned on account of their noxious odor.

Hokey-pokey for a nickel was sold from door to door, "in the good old summer-time", ~~ex~~ from a low-hung wagon drawn by a horse or pony, by a man who rang a bell to let you know that he was in the neighborhood.

The butcher blew a blast from his tin horn, or conch shell, the milkman sounded his gong, the baker blared forth with a bugle, to let the housewife know that they were coming.

Occasionally we still hear the cry of "Scissors to Grind" "Umberrellas to mend", but the cry of the Court Crier in declaring the court open, "God save de commonwealldh an dishonorable court" we hear it no more. Even the present court-crier being also Pennsylvania-German, must take especial pains to avoid this seeming contempt of court by pausing between this "this" and honorable.

The little German bands that played along the side-walks and passed the hat around for pennies, also for beer in front of the saloons -- they too have gone.

Gone, too, are:

The big black bear at the corner of Market and Center Streets, in front of Williams hat store.

The big white horse, (a beauty) in front of Seltzer's harness store on East Norwegian St.

The big gun, about three times as large as an ordinary shot gun, that hung in front of Schalk's gun-smith shop, on East Norwegian St.

The big gun, about three times as large as an ordinary shot gun, that hung in front of Schalk's gun-smith shop, on East Norwegian St.

Mr. Schalk was the father of A. W. Schalk, an eminent lawyer of Pottsville,

This gun was always carried in the annual "Ragamuffian" parade, featured by the Good Intent Hose Company in celebrating General Lee's surrender on the 9th of April. On this night the company held a ball. The parade was similar to the Wall-oween parade of to-day.

Three Indian tobacco signs were on Center Street. One at Tom Lloyd's store, where the Outlet stand is, was known as the Hendler property. One at Wetzel's tobacco store, was just opposite the Capitol Theater.

The other was at corner of Center and Norwegian Streets in front of Hause's store.

Mr. Hause and Charlie Haesler were brother-in-laws and were partners in business. Separating, Mr. Haesler began business near by, in the room now occupied by Bohorad's Clothing store.

In those days the tobacco stores were great loafing places and provided rooms at the rear for the loafers, where politics were discussed and slates were made, also. These two places were headquarters in that respect. Hause's room was called the Senate, while Haesler's was named the Lower House of Representatives.

There are still a few hitching-posts and stepping-stones remaining, to remind us of the good old horse and buggy days. However, the Nigger Boy hitching post has gone from the Wren homestead on East Norwegian Street, but I am told that some one has stood him up as a relic, in Port Carbon.

In front of 607 Mahantongo Street, the picturesque old Courtland Terrace, there is both a hitching post and stepping-stone.

Lauers Brewery on Mauch Chunk Street stood opposite the Pottsville Hospital and Rettig's on West Market Street, near ninth.

The Ulmer, Seltzer and Weissinger packing houses, the Eastern Steel Company, the Atkins furnaces, on the island, where Philip & Jones now are, and the Rolling Mill that existed at one time at the gravel hole south of Pottsville. These are things that you will never see again.

Carpet rags were a commodity and could be exchanged for most anything and anyplace. Not only to the tin-peddler on his wagon. Boys, girls, and adults tore or cut, and sewed the long

strips together. I was a victim, and had to sew my ball of rags each Saturday. "Mite societies" met to sew rags for the church carpet.

The Salvation Army is here, but not the old time Army, like in Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead", when they marched through the streets singing "Follow Follow I will follow Jesus," beating the drum and striking the tamborine.

I recall when they first came to Schuylkill Haven, they had a great following and rented Metamora Hall, and drew large crowds after the parade.

The Army kept house on the stage and many people went there in day time to the neglect of their homes and business.

I recall the night, very well, when the old style wooden pump maker, arose to complain of his wife's neglect pertaining to their home. He was a small very old man. She was tall and stocky. He began with the statement, "Since my wife belongs to dis grand army, my bed don't de helf^{no}zite (half-time) be made, de dishes don't be vashed and I find me ^{no} time no more to make boomp. I want you should sent her home where sne belongs."

By the way, I do not know of any such pumps existing to-day. They were about fourteen inches in diameter and as long as the well was deep, one section of about twelve feet long fitted into another. These sections were made of the most durable wood for use, in water and were bored through the center, the hole being four or five inches. In this the valve and suction rod were placed, and attached to the handle. These pumps would freeze in winter time and the handle would go up in the air, then hot water would be poured down the stock until it thawed and you would have to pump like the "dickens" until the water came up. Our old home-made pump, was replaced by a more modern and smaller wooden one, that was no improvement, as far as freezing was concerned. Brother Lin and myself set up one section of the old pump in the garden and built a pidgeon house upon it. In summer time the pump had to be "primed" by water kept nearby for that purpose.

Those of my readers who have never taken a buggy ride and never been to a sleighing party, nor sat high on the family barouche, behind a quick-stepping pair of match horses, going to a camp meeting, have certainly missed a "joy forever".

The pleasures of the automobile ride of to-day cannot be compared to the pleasures of the horse drawn vehicles. To be sure more ground is covered, but what have you seen? You come home and say "the country was beautiful and we went two hundred

miles, too fast to have noticed anything in passing. And there it ends.

While on the other hand we would drive twenty or twenty five miles enjoying every bit that was to be seen, not flying over the earth in a hurry, yet not going any where. We got to know the whole country side, and it was "Hello John!" "Hello Joe, how's Tom?" as we went along. Every man's home, his farm and cattle were noticed and discussed as we went along, you could stop here and there at will. Why when an automobile passes you now, there isn't time to see who is in it. I enjoy an auto ride, Nevertheless, for real pleasure, I wouldn't trade Father's roan trotting mare "Katie Did" for the best auto made.

Speaking of Campmeetings they too have gone. I have reference to the good old time tent affairs. Somewhere, each year, in Schuylkill County, these meetings were held, especially in the lower district.

At Cressona, one was right outside of the town in a grove a little to the north west. For many years in succession one was held west of the town near the Wagner farm south of the cemetery. Another was in Wasner's woods, to the rear of the Half Way House, on the way to Orwigsburg. Still another was at Adamsdale, on the Adams farm, south of the dam, where a sawmill and grist mill were located. All three of the latter have long since disappeared. At Landingville in the Saylor's Grove, at Drenrsville, at McKeansburg, east of the village, at East Mahanoy Junction, (long before that neighborhood became the pleasure resort that functions there at the present time there were camp meetings.

In the "Eck" at Schuylkill Haven the negroes held forth for several years. However, their abodes were not canvas tents, but several small boarded bunk houses.

There is still held yearly a meeting at Auburn on the hillside near the town, not in a grove. They too, have boarded one-roomed cottages and their gatherings are very different from the Old time Campmeetings.

The tents that were used at the various meetings were owned and kept in repair, rented out and set up, when rented, ~~xxxxxx~~ by a body of men located at Tamaqua. Mr. Jerry Boas of the Evangelical denomination was at the head of it. If you rented a tent, you came with your household things and these men would be on the ground to assign your location; all would be ready.

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The arrangement of tents was like that of a large horse shoe, with a large wooden preacher's stand at the opening of the shoe, from here the sermons were delivered and the laymen exhorted.

There were long rows of wooden seats within the horseshoe, but many of the campers sat in front of their tents on camp-stools.

Sometimes there were so many tenters, that small avenues were extended out from the main formation, which in many cases was not very small.

My mother had a great liking for tenting and each year she rented a tent somewhere, in some instances outside of our county, regardless of denomination. There were nine youngsters in the family, and what a meeting that would be. So I went to campmeetings from my babyhood. They tell me how I kicked and fought aunt Betsy Snavely, of Lebanon, with a pillow, because the rest all went out, and she was trying to put me to bed, in one of the wooden bunks furnished by the Tamaqua Company. This was at a Hamburg campmeeting.

When the oldest of the family grew up, they had to stay at home and help with the business and could only come on Sunday. Mother would then allow the younger ones to invite their friends during the week. In one case I asked John and George Berger. It was the first night and a storm came on. The tent was poorly constructed, the outer canvas fly of the roof rested upon the inner covering, which caused the water to drip through, and it came down on John! After breakfast the Berger boys said, "we don't like campmeetings", and went home.

These were wonderful days. There was always a large wooden place called the "Boarding House" where you could buy your meals, and for the accommodation of those not tenting.

We always prepared our own meals, with two large iron tripods, we could keep two fires going at the same time, to do our cooking. This was great fun, to forage for wood and keep the fires burning. Provisions were brought, enough for one week or more, when those coming out Saturday or Sunday would replenish the stock.

These meetings usually started for two weeks' duration. Nevertheless, if collections were good and the boarding house and refreshment stand did a good business, they often continued for another week.

One Sunday another boy and myself were, slowly tossing a ball from one to the other. The presiding elder of the district came out and stopped us, while near by his own church was running a refreshment stand, selling candies, soft drinks and cigars on Sunday.

Mother kept renting tents until campmeetings were no more in Schuylkill County, then she went to Mohrsville, and Perkasie outside.

I believe her last camping, here, was at East Mahanoy Junction. We were all busy then and grown up and could'nt go, so she hired a housekeeper to do the work of the tent. This woman, every day, would say, "I must hurry and get this work done, because I want to go out there and take a shout, after the preaching". And mother said that she did know how to take a shout!

These various denominations, in holding these meetings, meant well, yet is a question whether more good was accomplished than harm done.

A bad class of men and women came on Sunday, not as worshippers, but to scoff and carouse on the outside. I remember a desperate fight at Adamsdale between parties from Schuylkill Haven and Pottsville, the feud began again, the year after, at Wasner's end, the following year, at Cressona.

Often a minister would exhort or preach in Pennsylvania - Dutch and in his discourse, to those who did not understand it, it would seem as though he was cursing. On one occasion I heard a rounneck say, "I am going up there to the bench and get nappy, and when I do, I'll jump and sock the minister one in the snout."

There was a tramp boot-black from Hamburg who hung around all during the week. When Sunday came, the exhorters could not bring up any converts, so one of them hunted up the boot-black and coaxed him to come forward. To every persuasion he would reply, "Yes, if you give me a dollar, I will."

Services were continuous. They began in the morning and continued until late at night. I cannot recall having attended many of them, nevertheless, if I was at the tent I couldn't help hearing. Sometimes they were in English and often in Dutch, about half and half. I knew very little Dutch in those days, yet I recall that some of their exhortations were powerful. I heard one Bishop shout, "Sin feel Angle in Himmel un mejectig Effen-galisher daby." (shouts of "Amen!") "There are many angels in Heaven and mighty Evangelicals among them."

After one of these exciting and animating sermons,, the invitation would be given for penitents to the altar and receive salvation, which was seldom responded to. Then some one would start a sensational religious hymn, followed by halleluia shouts and some highly excited sister would arise, with

great shouting and begin to jump, more brothers and sisters would join her, putting their arms around each other and jump in unison. One sister would jump until she fell into a trance and lay on the ground, when they would all shout and jump around her.

At the close of the meeting, the friends would convey her to the tent, where they would have their own little shouting fest until way into the night, to the discomfort of the non-shouters. Early one morning a family were having family worship, before breakfast, when amid the singing, one of the members began to shout and, in a little while there came running, from all directions, brothers and sisters, filling the tent and standing outside shouting and singing.

And now we come to the end of a happy outing, it was never more than that to a boy who craved adventure and excitement.

It is the last Sunday night of the meeting, the services have ended, the preachers and elders have arranged themselves at one end of the camp, all the people who wish to take part are standing in a row, three and four deep all around the large circle, in front of the tents. Now the farewell service begins. The bishop, ministers and elders lead off, shaking hands with the first in line, who in turn shake hands with the one nearest, all the way down the line and around the circle. All are singing, "Farewell preter, farewell schwester, biss mere annunter weiter sane". "Farewell brother, farewell sister, until we see one another again."

The last hand has been shaken and thus endeth the meeting.

In more recent years I have heard of "bush meetings" held here and there in the country. I never attended one. However, I believe they were one night services held in the woods by one peculiar sect.

The old time "Big Meetings" (some called them "Protracted Meetings") were held by the same sects that promoted the camp-meetings. They were held after Christmas and conducted about the same as the campmeeting services.

The church that I was compelled to attend was composed of the non-jumping kind. However, we boys sitting at the rear, would slip out, after the sermon, and hurry to another church to see Beck S. jump. She never failed and always keeled over and lay on the floor stiff and rigid.

The Bowman and Dubbsites war existed for many years in one of the churches of the County. These two bishops rivaled each other with a bitter religious hatred, Bishop Esher siding with Bowman. The feud extended into Germany, across the sea, where Dubbs was the presiding Bishop, and charges were brought against him of conduct unbecoming a bishop. Dubbs testified that he did

nothing more than enter a certain woman's dining room, while she sat at her table eating, placed his arm across her shoulder and asked the question, "Schmacks?" Which means, "Does it taste well?" This church fight got into the courts, lasting many years, the Bowman-ites finally winning, while the Dubbsites lost all their church property both in the U. S. and Germany, resulting in a split of the church, with several new denominations forming, who had to begin all over again as far as church property was concerned. I have known several other Bishop Bowmans in other churches of whom one can be very proud. Yet I have refrained from writing a Bowman history, fearing that this one might in some way belong to us. I met one of his brothers, over in the Lehigh Valley, a big Pennsylvania Dutchman who did not speak English. He asked me what part of the Bowmans I belonged to, and said that he guessed that I was a "Blow House too", as all the Bowmans were "Blow Houses".

The "Village Blacksmith" and the blacksmith shop at every crossroad have disappeared. These were busy places in the long ago, where horses had to wait their turn to be shod. If by chance you come upon a blacksmith shop today, very likely you will find upon the door a sign, "Closed until to-morrow, gone to shoe horses." In order to eke out a living, he must now go from farm to farm, instead of the farmer bringing his horses to him.

The "Blowes Bollig" was the bellows by which he gave draft of air to his fire. It consisted of a very large funnel-shaped leather sack laid flat. Its top and bottom were made of wood, the under side possessed a valve, and connected with the bag was a long wooden handle, much larger than the largest pump handle. When you pressed it down, the air shot into the fire. Upon raising the handle the valve sucked in the air and made a flup, flup, flopping sound. This old fashioned bellows many years ago was supplanted by the modern one worked by a crank and wheel.

As far back as I can remember, grain was sown with a sower or machine that placed the seed in the ground, with lime and fertilizer at the same time. Nevertheless I do recall seeing a farmer sow a field of wheat by hand. He had a sack, like an apron, worn in front of him, filled with seed. He took a step, then cast a hand full of seed, measured another step, and so on.

The flomp, flomp, flomp of the flail upon the thrashing floor of the barn is a thing of the past. It was common when I was a boy. Threshing machines were then in use, and were manipulated by horse power, two horses on a tread-mill. This in turn, has been supplanted by the gasoline engine.

The flail consisted of two wooden rods, handle and beater

fastened together by leather thongs. The grain stalks were spread upon the floor, heads all one way. Two or one person would then beat the grain from the stalk, after which the straw was neatly bound into bundles, and made ready for market.

Straw from the threshing machine was not marketable, but is now made into bales replacing the bundled straw.

After the straw was removed from the floor, the foreman would gather up the grain mixed with chaff and, in order to separate them, he used a machine called "Blowser", or wind mill. It was shaped like a big horse-shoe about five feet high and the same in length, three feet in diameter, with a dish-shape opening in the top, through which the grain and chaff were thrown. A series of paddles was inside and were made to revolve by a crank on the outside. That created a wind, blowing the chaff through an opening in the rear of the mill, onto the barn floor, the grain remaining clean in the bottom of the mill.

Corn and potatoes were both planted by hand. Machines now do the work for both. There is now a corn cutting apparatus, also a potato gatherer.

Grain was reaped or cut with a cradle, an instrument composed of a scythe with four similar shaped rods attached, into which the stalks fell when cut, so they could then be nicely laid in a row by the reaper, ready to be bound. Then came the mechanical reaper, pulled by horses. This machine cut the stalks that fell on a platform attached to it and, in turn, were raked off and laid in rows. This reaping machine was followed by the "Binder", a machine drawn by four horses. It cut, bound and laid the sheaves in regular rows ready to shock or throw on the wagon.

The latest grain gathering machine, I have not seen in use. It cuts, gathers, thrashes and puts the grain in bags, as it goes along, and is drawn by twenty-four mules.

Husking bees were common throughout the country side. The ears were gathered and placed at one end of the barn floor ready to be husked. The farmer then would make known to his neighbors, that upon a certain night he would hold a bee. The boys and girls would flock from far and near and they gathered around this immense pile of corn, sitting upon chairs, boxes, peach baskets, or whatsoever the farmer had to provide, as seats. After, contests were held as to who could husk the greatest number of cobs (ears) within a given time, but the big feature was, the finding of a red ear. Anyone so fortunate, whether girl or boy, could choose the one he loved best and kiss her.

These were great events and caused much merriment. There were always refreshments on hand: apples, cake and cider. Were the cider a little hard, it created a great deal of jaw wagging and singing.

Then there was the old time husking party, that took place in the field, this one lasted all day, usually on a Saturday. Those who came in the morning received a good dinner and supper both. By the time that darkness came the field would be cleaned up, as^arule, and all went to the house for supper.

After the meal, the barn floor would be made clear and a real old time country dance would be held. The country or tavern fiddler would be engaged, and the big folks danced, while the little folks looked down from the well filled haymows and hung upon the ladders, to see the sport, while the lovesick sat apart to spoon. Many came just for the evening frolic. When it broke up at midnight, they went away in groups over fields and down lanes singing and jubilating, with a "Good night, good night!" as they branched off down the lanes to their separate homes.

The funerals of to-day are not what they used to be. Long sermons were preached, making bad men good, before they were put under the ground. To-day services are read from a book and the good with the bad are as one, when the earth closes over them.

Many people attended the old time funerals, some not even friends or relatives. All were invited to return to the home of the deceased, where a large dinner was served to all alike. Many professional funeral goers attended these dinners, traveling miles to do so. When I was a boy, the city of Lebanon had a man whom they called "Johnny Seecy Coucha", "Johnny sweet cake", because he went to all the funerals and stuffed himself with cake. It was said, that he would ask people on the street, whether they did not know of any funerals.

Our own city of Pottsville had one of these habitual funeral-goers. She has died within a decade, so I must refrain from giving her name. I went to the home of a young man whose mother was to be buried at Hamburg, and he said to me, "I'll be damned before I pay for an automobile to take S. P. to Hamburg." I think she got the ride.

After some of these large funerals, the boys and girls, cousins and near cousins would get together and thoughtlessly have a good time. I remember my own dear old Grandmother, eighty-nine years of age, coming back to the kitchen, saying, "Well, you are making quite a picnic out of Grandfather's funeral".

Near every schoolhouse there used to be a "penny store" , kept by an old maid or widow, where we could spend our pennies. We could get a little pan of moshey, (taffey) a pretzel, ginger-cake, or a penny-a-draw and get nothing. One nice big thing would be in the box, but your penny was never the lucky one!

Apples were brought here from New York state, and during the winter there was always a barrel of Northern spies for eating, and a barrel of russets for baking, in the cellar.

However, right here at home now are those immense orchards that give us fine fruit all the year round, hence the barrel has disappeared from the cellar.

John B. Bowman.
Nov. 20, 1939.



Little John Brown with
the common-toed boots that he
took to bed with him. We think
he was about three years old at
the time.

MORE ABOUT THINGS THAT YOU MAY AGAIN NEVER SEE OR HEAR.

Weddings were quite an event when I was a boy. Church weddings were few. Most marriages were held in the evening at the home of the bride. They were large affairs and all the relatives would be invited.

After the ceremony everyone kissed the bride. When through kissing, all the older guests went into the dining room and enjoyed a feast. The bride would cut the bridal-cake and serve a piece to every guest present. Each would wrap it up in a piece of paper to take home, when it would be cut into little pieces and served to each member of the family to put under their pillows at night to dream upon it. That was to bring good luck. Single persons hoped to see their future helpmates in their dreams. Sometimes these small pieces were enclosed in little white boxes, tied with ribbon and sent to friends of the family by the bride's parents.

After the grown people were through in the dining room, the youngsters were let in to eat up what was left; nevertheless, Aunt Emmy would always see that they had an ample supply of ice cream, lemonade and cake.

In the front of the house the uninvited men would "Si Gike" (horse-fiddle or hog-fiddle) the married couple. The fiddle consisted of a large drygoods box, often wired throughout to make its vibration greater. Over the edges of this would be drawn a well rosined plank. This resulted in a Zum, Zum, Zum that could be heard miles away. Boys and girls would make a din out of harmony with the horse fiddle, using cow bells, sleigh bells, old wash boilers, dish pans or whatsoever would make a noise.

If the bride's father called the men in and treated them to wine and cake, or tapped a keg of beer, it was all right and the din would cease. But if the groom came to the door and offered them three dollars when they expected five, they would start up again and keep up the racket until he came across with the other two. With this they bought refreshments, at the nearest

saloon, to their own likeing. These "Si Gikes" were great events, and looked forward to. A great deal of pleasure was always anticipated by the young people.

Brick yards were common. Nearly every community had its brickyard. Pinegrove paved its streets with bricks manufactured in its home town.

The good old fashioned red brick is not made any more. It had many uses, housewives pounded it into dust and scoured their metal household utensils with it. Bricks have been supplanted in many ways, especially in structural work and sidewalk building.

There were brickyards in the long ago; two at Schuylkill Haven, one located on the Dutch Flat, where the box factory stands, the other near the southeast corner of the High School, that was reached by an alley which extended north from main street.

There were quite extensive plants making bricks at the Half Way House on the road to Orwigsburg, at Auburn, Hamburg, and Pinegrove. Orwigsburg had one in the early days adjoining the old Fair Ground lot.

Pottsville had its brickyard out near the Westwood Switch, located at the West End Park.

The West End Park also has gone into history. It was promoted by a local committee, about \$16,000 spent upon it and then turned over to the city of Pottsville, which also spent several thousand dollars upon improving it, building additional tennis courts, planting trees, etc. The city finally surrendered its lease to the Lehigh Valley Company on account of the unsuitable condition of the ground for sport purposes, the destructiveness of the populace, and the thievery of the people, who took everything removable. When the community committee turned the park over to the city administration, there was a large woolen flag measuring 18 x 9 feet came with it.

On a Fourth of July morning, the writer, then a city official, with Fire Chief Smith had this magnificent flag erected on the pole at the park,

When the Fire Chief, in the morning went to take it down, some thief had stolen it. Everybody blamed "somebody in Marlin".

There were several potteries near by, one functioned in Pottsville just at the entrance to Jallappa, and the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses its site. This was owned by Mr. G. A. Berner's Father.

Another existed at Brockton up the Schuylkill Valley, near Tamaqua.

A Mr. Wingander ran a pottery on the Dutch Flat at Schuylkill Haven, when I was a boy. He made quite a variety of crockery. Flower pots, milk crocks, and jugs. These he delivered to the stores, also he made periodical trips through the county. His conveyance consisted of a very large wagon, on the order of a haywagon, differing in that its sides were perpendicular instead of slanted and the slats ran lengthwise close together. Inside there were shelves upon which he displayed his wares and we could see the larger pots graduated up to tiny little ones at the top. This outfit was drawn by one horse and looked very much out of proportion to the horse.

About once a year an Italian came through this region, with a wide board fitted upon his head. This board had a little fence around it. Inside this enclosure were arranged plaster of paris images of many descriptions: angels, The Christ, Saints, deer heads, spotted cats and many other animals. In his hand he presented an image of a little boy kneeling in prayer. "Bya de leetla Samal" he said. "Buy the little Samuel". The image represented the prophet Samuel at prayer when a boy. We see him no more.

The "Tin Whistler" has gone many years ago. His name was Zerbey. He wore a long flowing beard, an old straw hat, had a long cotton duster that went below his knees, and with his pants in his boots, he came along playing a tune on an old tin whistle. He spoke Pennsylvania Dutch and when anyone admired his accomplishment, he would tell them that for a nickel he would play them a tune through his nose. Often times he would go into the saloons to spend his nickel, then it was that we boys, would rubber-neck through the door, to see him blow a

tune with his nose on the whistle, which he actually did.

Prior to the year 1859 there prevailed a constant controversy between the Hydraulian (now the Phoenix) and the Good Intent Fire Companies, as to which was the oldest company, and which one had the right to affix No. 1 to its name. This dissention finally landed in the Schuylkill County Court, the Hydraulian company suing the good Intent and the proceedings were as follows:

On December 5th, 1859 the Hydraulian Fire Company (now the Phoenix) Fire Company by their attorney, Geo. H. Clay, filed exceptions in the Common Pleas Court of Schuylkill County against the Good Intent Fire Company, using part of their name, to wit, "No. 1 of Pottsville". John Power, president of the Hydraulian Fire Company made the oath before Daniel H. Shoener Prothonotary.

On February 1860 the Court overruled the exceptions and the charter was granted. Lin Bartholomew representing the Good Intent Company.

On June the 25th, 1879 the Good Intent Fire Company held a Fete Champeter. Its object was to raise funds to keep in order the grounds and buildings at Valley Forge.

The fete was held at Agriculture Park and this was a gala day indeed. It was a military affair and the day was begun by firing a cannon on Prospect Hill, which is now Race St., and by an immense parade. Ed Nagle was the color bearer, who, also carried the colors for the 48th regiment during the Civil War.

Exercises were begun at the Park by F. W. Hughes as chairman, many military notables were present including General Burnside, and the speaker of the day was Gov. Hoyt.

Games and contests were held throughout the day and many of the men became warm, aided by an ample supply of beer. Ed Nagle, the color bearer, became so tired, that he lay down, resting his head upon a cake of ice, and froze his ear.

There were fifteen Gypsy tents arrayed and from one of them Marie Allen told fortunes. She was the daughter of Mr. Allen who kept a photo studio, in the

old building at the corner of Centre and Market Streets, where the Thompson building now stands.

This was Miss Allen's first appearance as a fortune teller. She told fortunes extensively for many years, having established a mail order business at ten cents a fortune. Some say that this money was donated to charity. A retired mail official has given me this information, that thousands of letters were delivered to her through the Post Office, many more than she was able to reply to.

Speaking of Fire Companies, I lived in the day of the old two wheeled hose carriage and ran with one many times, as I am one of the oldest members of the Schuylkill Haven, Rainbow Hose Company No.1. I joined it in my youth, soon after it organized. I believe that the charter members are all gone. This hose carriage consisted of two very large wheels with an axle between them, upon which was wound the hose. It had a short wooden tongue in front to which was attached a long rope. Two of the heaviest men would seize the tongue, raising it from the ground. Men and boys would get hold of the rope and away we would go. To the rear was another rope that acted as a brake when going down hill. A half dozen or more men would pull back on it, so that the carriage would not run away. This hose carriage was, when first bought, stored in John Bader's Stable, and the first one there would try and pull it out alone until others came to help. As a young lad, I often got so tired pulling the cart that I had to lie down instead of helping to fight the fire.

All fires got a good start and headway before assistance could come, and invariably burned to the ground. As there were no fire alarms in those days, fires at night were disastrous. Someone would see the flames and cry, "Fire" which would be taken up from house to house, until the neighborhood was awakened. By the time the hose company got there the damage would be so great that they spent their efforts in trying to save adjoining properties.

I recall well, beyond the time of the old two-wheeler, when every one, including women, grabbed a bucket and ran, passing the buckets of water from

one to the other at the fire. This was the bucket brigade.

When a boy, fishing at the boat yard pond, there was out in the middle of the water a sort of box with two frame handles at each end, evidently pressure pumps, and older men told me it was a fire pump. The water was thrown into the box and then squirted on the fire. I wish that I had that old piece of fire apparatus, now buried under the Spring Garden playground.

September 1, 1850, the lower Tumbling Run dam burst. It did considerable damage all along the course of the Schuylkill River. My mother was a young woman then, and she would tell us how she stood on the roof of the Spring Garden Hotel at Schuylkill Haven and saw the water roll down from the gap in the valley. Part of the railroad and the railroad bridges with eight houses were washed away. At Port Clinton, where the Little Schuylkill joined the Schuylkill, fourteen persons were drowned and sixteen houses washed away, and the canal bank was greatly damaged along its route.

It isn't very many years since the disappearance of the old faded blue overcoats that were worn by the soldiers of the Civil War. They were so numerous during my early days that they were worn by the farmers, the men of the canal and railroad. Most every one possessed them, they were more numerous than there were war veterans, which gives me the idea that the government must have sold them to the public. A whole company of militia was fitted out with them, you couldn't join unless you possessed one of these coats. This Company was named the "Reno Rifle Company". Farmers drove into Pottsville wearing Civil War Soldiers' blue overcoats and flat topped and visored caps.

The little old red school house, with its privy under the old oak tree, and coal house by the side of the road, has disappeared. Usually the graduates of high schools that wanted to become school teachers would get one of these schools as a first job. One of my girl schoolmates was fortunate enough to thus acquire the school near the Half Way House on the road to Orwigsburg. Sleighing was good, yet the snow was melting on a Friday afternoon in February when I drove

up to the school to bring her home. We started, when in the distance a lumber team was seen coming toward us, and she excitedly exclaimed, "My goodness, here comes the president of the school board." When in passing him his greeting was, "Pretty schloppery day, de day, fer hauling scheigh."

Also the day is past when Julius Ceasar was a great dry goods man. I took my first real job during my nineteenth year, when a large department store was opened in Pottsville. After a big day during its first year, the manager said to me "I am a regular Ceasar". I asked him, "why?" "Well, you see", he said, "Julius Ceasar was a great dry goods merchant in the old country, and Nellie Robbins of Minersville called me one today." For my job's sake I let it go at that. "Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Gone are the limekilns that were dispersed through the country side. Pottsville had one owned by a man named Conrad Hock. It was located at Mt. Carbon, on the east side of the Reading Railroad, about one hundred yards north of the arch. Wm. Hock, a son, owned another one at Connors where the Hock descendants still sell coal, cement, lime, etc.

Another one was operated by a Mr. Leinbach, along the Pike at the Cotton Club road house. The club house is the rebuilt Leinbach homestead. The barn is there today, just the same as when it was built. Opposite the barn, about where the Brown cottage stands, stood the lime kiln. The stone was received by boat, unloaded by derrick, and carried across the pike to the kiln.

One at Schuylkill Haven located in the neighborhood of Quarrelly Point was run by the Dreibelbiss Family, pioneers of the town.

Another was located between Schuylkill Haven and Landingville, near the old horse watering trough on the east side of the road. It's either on the Moyer or Bowen property and very likely its ruins are still there.

The horse watering troughs were in front of every roadside tavern, and if you stopped, the hostler, got up off of his chari, loosened the horses check reins, so that they could drink, then your father handed him a very little

silver three cent piece with a star on one side, or one a little larger with three upright bars (III) on its side. Then again it might have been a big copper two cent piece with a figure (2) on its side.

These troughs, coins, and hostlers, are pretty well gone, and you, dear reader, very likely have seen but few of them, though the coins were as common as nickles and pennies are today.

"The Shin Plasters", too, were common. These were 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 50 cent paper-notes resembling very much the paper currency of today, but were in graduated sizes, according to their value, and none more than about half the size of the one dollar bill of today. They are now only seen in curio collections. I spent many a penny, made of nickel with a spread eagle, on one side and "One cent" on the other, or a big copper penny as large as the twenty-five cent silver piece of the present time.

"The Rain barrel" stood in the yard against the house, just where the water-conductor came down from the roof. Nearly every house had them, and I have seen them in the front of houses on the sidewalk. The water was used for various purposes. Housewives believed that "rain water" was softer and better than "pump water", in washing the family's laundry. There was not any water supply in those days, and in times of drought, their reserve supply was used in watering the garden and scrubbing porches and etc.

On one occasion I had caught but two catfish, not enough to bother with, and I put them in the rain barrel. When I had more, I fished for them, with hook and line and caught them out again. The rain barrel also furnished us with other amusement; more than once I received permission to bathe in the partly filled barrel. Then again I stood on a box to watch the mosquito wrigglers. I would slap my flat hand upon the water's surface, and down they would wriggle. In a few moments they would come wriggling up again. When caught at this, and the family found out about the wrigglers, the barrel was turned over on its side, the inside scrubbed thoroughly with a broom, and it was set on its end until the next shower came.

In the days of the "rain barrel" it was not known that mosquitoes were the cause of malaria (chills and fever) and no doubt but that they added their share as the cause of this disease. The canal, docks, and many ponds about Schuylkill Haven were still water, also many stagnant pools abounded about the town. All were breeding places for mosquitoes. If you went fishing you were sure of a bite, if the fish didn't bite the mosquitoes did.

Mosquitoes swarmed thick in front of you as you walked on the sidewalk in the evening. These pests brought malaria to nearly every family in the town, and the whole of the Spring Garden section was afflicted. There were ten in our family, and we all had it, but not all at one time. However, as many as three, and some, year after year. I had it several years as a child, burning hot with fever one day and freezing cold the next. Brother Lin had to be watched and cared for with special attention, as he grew very flighty when the fever came upon him.

We always had a doctor, and abided by his advice. He always advised quinine as a cure, which I became so accustomed to, that I could swallow the raw powder without any hesitation or making a wry face. I took it so readily and often that, frequently I was told to quit, as it would bring rheumatism in future years. "By the same token" I have suffered from that ailment nearly all my lifetime since.

There were many cures tried and suggested for malaria. I remember lying on a couch semi-flighty, hot with fever, when a woman caller said to mother "Get stone bugs" (grey bugs, found under dry stones, and about three fourths of an inch long, that roll themselves into a grey ball when disturbed) "Fry them in a pan, feed him nine the first day, one less each succeeding day for nine days, at the end of which he will be cured." I didn't get the bugs, nor buggy.

Boneset tea I did take. Peach leaf tea, given on the nine day plan, I also took, and feel that it helped me as I got better after the ninth day.

These bitter teas I liked, but every one else abhorred them. I believe the quinine that I had taken, caused me to become used to bitter tastes, as today I can take the bitterest medicines without any repulsion.

"Sir Walter Raleigh, before his execution, lifted the axe, ran his thumb along its edge, and said, "This is a sharp medicine and will cure all diseases. Now hurry my execution, for in an hour my ague will be upon me and my enemies will say that I quake with fear."

The Water Company came and it did away with many rain barrels, then the sulphur water began to come down from the mines; also, later on, the canal closed and the dam breasts were opened, causing running water to flow through the levels, so that the mosquitoes met their Waterloo and the populace had freedom from malaria.

The old wooden wash-tub, was first cousin to the rain barrel. It has been many years since I have seen any of the old-time, two-eared handled tubs. While there are plenty of tubs in use, they are of the metal kind. The old wooden tub had many uses besides its wash day services. At butchering time the long curling circling rings of sausage, pudding (liver-worst) came curling down into the tub from the presser. Then again, I can recall, as many as three youngsters at one time taking their Saturday afternoon bath, out in the kitchen, and being scrubbed by a sister (not much older) from the top of our heads down to our toes. This was quite a pleasurable feat, all excepting the scrubbing, and was long before the advent of the Water Company and bath-tubs in our community.

All men and boys wore boots in those days. My first pair was given to me by an uncle when I was three years old. They had red tops and copper toes. I was so elated and proud of them that I took them to bed with me at night. The following week I was arrayed in a braided little suit, with my first pants and the new boots, to have my picture taken. This picture I still have. Though I have lost pride of boots and my first pants, I am very proud of my having once been a sweet faced baby.

from the second story window ledge and has now almost disappeared. They were very common when I was a boy. Their construction consisted of three small mirrors so arranged that a person in the room, looking into them, could see who was at the door below. If the caller was not welcome the door was not opened to her. The abandonment of this busybody is largely due, not to the changes in human nature, but to the changing structure of modern homes.

"The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneers and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again."

John B. Bowman of 425 E. Norwegian St.
Pottsville, Pa.

May 20th, 1940.



THE BOWMAN CHILDREN

The little chap leaning on his hand in the lower left-hand corner became the author of this book. The big brother ^{standing} in the center, Edwin Thomas Bowman, was going to Florida to take up a homestead claim (although he was only twenty at the time) therefore the family group.

The sisters in the back row, left to right, are Carrie, Annie and Mame.

Next to John Butz Bowman is his brother, the doctor, Harry C. Bowman, Sarah, and Lin.

FROM THE ROCK ON THE MOUNTAIN

From Rider Haggards "Moon of Israel" comes the following story.

When Moses came before Pharoah, the latter said, "I know you, and well I may, seeing that we played together when we were little. You are that Hebrew whom my sister, she who sleeps in Osir, took to be as a son to her, giving to you a name that means 'drawn forth' because she drew you forth as an infant from among the reeds of Nile. Aye, I know you and your brother also, but your errand I know not".

Whenever I pay a visit to my native town of Schuykill Haven, there is always someone to say, "I know you", inasmuch as we played together when we were boys.

By jinks, I've got a lot of good stories to tell you now. Wait a minute til I remove the cobwebs away from my memory and wipe my eye-glasses. Sight and memory are fading just a little now as master time drives me along.

These are the tales that I was someday bound to write:

A beautiful sunset was aglow in the west as I stood on Table Rock, the highest peak of the Schuylkill Mountain. I looked down into that deep mountain glen below and had that uncanny inclination to throw myself down. Stepping back, I recalled that Betty Bousman once told me that her father, when a thin young man, was working in a quarry on this mountain side, had fallen down and was grievously hurt. During his convalescence he grew stouter and stouter still. When he left his bed, he was a fat man and kept on growing

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until he weighed in the neighborhood of six hundred pounds. Recently I inquired of a physician, whether a thin man could be affected in that manner, and his answer was "Yes, by disturbing the pituitary gland, located on the back of the neck." It regulates the growth of man's body and effects certain diseases.

Looking north towards Pottsville, out of the gap in the Second Mountain, flowed the waters of the river and canal, paralleling the old rustic turnpike and the railroad; The Indian Head looked down with a countenance as stolid as the rocks themselves. Then came Seven Stars. How was it named? Now I don't vouch for the accuracy of this statement. There were three families living in the neighborhood at that time, when the proprietor was looking about for a name for his hotel; the Jones, Mellot and Scott families. There was Clara and Alma Jones, Mary and Sallie and Ida Mellot, Mary and Ella Scott. Seven beautiful blond young girls, or stars of loveliness. Hence he hung out his sign "The Seven Stars".

Far in the distance to the right lay the "City of the Dead". The old White Church, later replaced by Jerusalem Church. Next the "Pogey" or Poor House, and the Half Way House with its race track.

In the early days of my childhood, there wasn't any Alms-house, or County Home. It was plain Poorhouse.

A man by the name of Beck was steward, Mr. Licey was farmer, and John Minnig, father of Floyd Minnig of the Call, was teamster. These men were kind and lenient with the boys. We had a whole stony field to ourselves as a playground. Here we played games of all kinds, ball, duck on the rock, etc. The creek was full of fish. There were two sour apple trees, and wild strawberries grew along the hillside, with a number of big hickory nut trees in

the corner near the pogeey cemetery.

During the week at school we arranged fishing parties here with our sweethearts. The paupers used to pick stones in other fields with an old mule and cart, dumping them here. It was a narrow strip not used for cultivation or pasture. Years, years ago, it went out of existence and is now occupied by the spur of the Lehigh Valley Railroad that connects with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

This long narrow field the boys called the "Poory". We would call to one another "Lets go out to the Poory". I have been asked upon many occasions why the almshouse is known as the "Pogey". Pogey is exclusive to the Schuylkill County Almshouse, and peculiar to Schuylkill Haven. I have made inquiry and found that in most counties they call it the Poory, but never the Pogey. Pogey is derived from the word Poor or Poory and came about in the following manner.

To the Spring Garden Children of the 1870's must be given credit for its origin, not to me, altho I was one of them. Some of these youngsters were so small that they could not talk plain. One in particular was tongue tied and spoke with an impediment, lasting all through his manhood. "Poory" was impossible with him and he let it go as Pogey. He was always with us, and his pronunciation became so familiar, that it was the Pogey House, the Pogey Farm, and the Pogey in general among the boys. It spread to the boys of the town who spoke of the Pogey, at home. They grew up and had families of their own, to whom it was still the Pogey, going through generations to the present day.

Through a knot hole in a very high fence surrounding the

yard, where the weakminded inmates were kept, I saw many pitiful and distressing characters.

I saw a man who believed himself to be the King of Spain, and ousted his subjects continually. One young man apparently grieved for his home and friends, rolling his eyes and swinging his head to and fro he would repeat without ceasing, "Mickey Whalen went sailin', Johnny Rile had a bile, and Mary Doyle got a boil."

It was the general belief that if a crazy person would spit in your face, you would become afflicted in the same manner, so we exercised the greatest care, when looking through a knot hole, that none of the inmates should see us.

There are very likely just as many unfortunites today. However, they are better cared for.

The harmless inmates of the weak-minded department were permitted to roam about and often came to town on festive occasions, begging candy, tobacco and drink. I could name a dozen or more of these characters and tell you an amusing story or two about each one of them. Nevertheless, I shall tell of only one, little Davy Jones, a little man-baby boy, 70 years old. Not a midget nor dwarf. He walked as though he had just learned to walk, talked like a baby just learning, and his mind never got further than one-two in its development.

Everyone liked little Davy, because he never swore, begged or drank. The various organizations always had him at their celebrations. He never went empty-handed. He would follow the farmer about the farm, who, upon occasions, would send him to the tool house on errands, say, to bring six picks. Davy would come back and count

"One, two, here she is." He could not get further than two, but would always bring an extra one! To get six, he would have to be sent a second time, when he would again count "One, two, here she is."

The old White Church stood several hundred yards to the west of the Pogeys, across the field, far back from the road, among the maples. To the rear of the church was the White Church woods, where they held their annual picnic, which was an event to the entire town. Other Sunday Schools had annual picnics, too, but always for themselves and a few invited guests, and held them on days other than Saturday. The White Church held theirs on Saturday. This was a very large congregation of Lutherans and Reforms and they came from miles around, Long Run, Beaver Road, Panther Valley, Cressona and the valley bordering on the Second Mountain. Every one who could attend this affair came.

The grove was beautiful with grass plot of about one half acre in the center. Ring was played, sometimes as many as five rings functioning at one time after supper. You know how ring was played. You hit a girl on the back, then she chased you and when you were caught up with, she kissed you. Then you went to the ring, joining hands with the rest, when some girl tagged you and you chased her, and did likewise.

Many of the town people went for a good feed. They fed every one from long tables, and Old John StSteppel, from the Cross Roads, at the Second Mountain, dispensed good sweet cider free to all comers. He became my ideal farmer. However, one day I found a fine new buggy whip in the middle of the road. I met John, who asked me where I got the whip. Being only a youngster, I replied, "Found it". "Why, that's mine. I ju t lost it", he said, and he

gave me eight cents for finding the whip. That raised him quite a few notches in my estimation, giving me eight cents for finding his whip. But as years went by, I began to wonder whether John did not get a very fine whip for eight cents.

The Lutherans organized in 1817, and built a log church. Shortly after this the Reforms joined with them and jointly built the Old White Church. However, they were the Jerusalem congregation. In 1877 they judged the old church to be too small and built the present structure. By then it was time to hold this immense picnic. The building was under roof, the floors laid and it was agreed to set the tables in the new church, and not in the woods. On the day of the picnic, the crowd gathered as usual, expecting a good feed. When it came time to eat, there were two men stationed at the entrance, where none but members of the church and their families were let in. Several hundred men, women, and children looked in the windows from a slight rise in the roadway, down upon long tables laden with as many good things as the former picnics, which they had so much enjoyed. Thus ended the large White Church picnics. The Jerusalem congregation held their annual gathering like any other Sunday School. The White Church was torn away. The grove was cut down and became the Jerusalem cemetery.

But now I hear the thin blare of the boatman's horn, and I see a light boat coming up "Sam Bower's Dam". The lock keeper sends back his cheerful "Right On!" The driver speeds up his team, sending the boat into the waiting lock chamber. The gates are closed behind it and the wickets are opened at the other end, gradually filling the chamber. The boat slowly rises until it reaches the upper level. When the gates are opened, the captain and bowsman

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chamber. The gates are closed
at the other end, gradually

each secure a pole and push. The driver yells to his team, then out goes the boat into the level to meet an oncoming loaded one that takes the outside, dropping or slacking the tow line into the water. The bow of the light boat passes over it. Then the driver of the loaded boat whips up his team, dragging the line under the light boat its full length, coming out at the stern, and the boats have passed without unhitching their teams or stopping. The loaded boat glides into the waiting filled lock chamber, they close the gates behind it, open the wickets at the other end, and slowly down she goes, with the dripping lock walls sending showers of water all around until she reaches the lower level, when the gates are opened and out she goes, leaving the empty chamber ready for the next light boat.

Looking to the west I see Cressona, with its "Dog Town", called so on account of its many dogs.

Glancing out "Springarden" way, I see heaps of blackness rolling up and thunder roars, but wait a minute, it cannot mean rain, as the sky is azure blue. The half after five "brommer", or whistle, blows, the clouds go down and the thunder ceases. The clouds were the black dust of the coal that rushed down the many shutes into the boats, which caused the thunder roar.

To the left of me is the beautiful valley of Long Run with its undulating rolling knobs and September glory of gold and red shining upon them. As they lie along the mountain side, they seemed forms of giants' graves. This must be the Giants Graveyard where Jack buried his giants. Is there a Fairy Ring? I do not know, but if you are fortunate enough to find it, it will encircle the

deed to the Giants' Graveyard, so that you may find out whether the giants were buried here, or not.

Directly below lies the Eck or Corner. Since this is a common German name through out these mountains, is it too far-fetched to say perhaps they are named for its wonderful echo that reverberates from mountain side to mountain, fading away against the Blue mountain in Berks County?

"Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every spot could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene."

It is utterly impossible to let the description of the "Eck" rest with Goldsmith's words.

This was a beautiful natural park, with arched rooms formed by rhododendron and grape vine stalks. The G.A.R. (the great soldier's association following the Civil War) cleaned it up, built rustic bridges, seats and a dance floor. Here they held their annual Camp Fire. These were largely attended affairs, visited by people from all over the county. During the day the best people visited here, just as at a county fair. Contests of many kinds took place.

I remember when Davey Whitehouse, great grandfather of the present district attorney, shot a shooting match, at pigeons, with a lawyer from Pottsville named Longacre, and several other men, on the green. Joe Killian, great grandfather of the present generations of Killians, would fire a real civil war mortar each after-
* at the Sch. Mt. at bend of river opposite Quarry Point.

noon, making a dreadful noise. It was the only cannon of its kind I had ever seen, tho the war stories were full of pictures and descriptions of them. There were boat races on the river from Geiger's Locks down to the mountain and back, in the Schuylkill. If you visited this scene now, you would say, "He is wrong, the river does not run there." This all took place in the long ago and the river has changed its course since then. The waters of both river and canal ran clear in those days, before the washing of the coal banks further up, that filled the natural beds with culm, silt, and sand, changing their courses in many places. There was a dandy swimming pool in the "Eck", where now you would declare water never flowed.

One afternoon there was an archery contest between the Clubs of Pottsville and Schuylkill Haven. The Pottsville Club was represented by W.L. and A .W. Sheaffer, and Schuylkill Haven by Wm. Zulich and Harry Hannum. Many representatives of Pottsville were there and great enthusiasm prevailed. Most youngsters, as now, swore in those days, and I remember letting them out because the Sheaffer brothers were winning. A lady seated near me promised to tell my mother if I didn't stop it.

Harry Hannum, if I remember rightly, made the best score, but his partner, Zulick, was no good at all, resulting in their defeat. A prize was given and the Sheaffer boys won it by a large margin. I regret that I cannot recall just what the prize was.

There were shooting galleries and other amusements. Beer, temperance drinks, and lunnh were sold about the place.

When evening came, the better class of people would leave, and then the fun would begin. The mortar would again boom. Large wood fires would be lighted all over the place. The boatmen and laborers from the docks, boatyards, and shops, would gather. Dancing would begin and the beer stands did a rushing business.

The dance orchestra played many old tunes that I do not hear any more, or even since. Were I able to write music, I would be pleased to write some of the lines that are still familiar to me. To one of them I used to sing:

"Old Christian Spong,
Sei nause is long
Do strail dich mit de fire gong

Un de heli hili lo

Un de heli hili lo."

I made up other songs that were too strong for the folks at home, who borbade me to sing them.

I made up one called "Becky" and Becky's father threatened to prosecute the originator, because all the girls and boys, going to and from school were singing it!

Innocently, and because of an incident involving a sample book of "name cards", the then prevailing craze, I made up this:

"Deckie, Beckie de Beckie is my girl,
The Beckie hut un sample book,
mit shoney rot spots d'rin."

When one of the boys at school displayed his sample book of cards, Becky's brother had said, "Unser Becky put un sample book mit shoney red spots d'rin."

The affair died out, but a few of the Old timers call me "Becky" to this day.

Fights were plentiful at the campfire, mostly free for alls: Schuylkill Haven against other localities, Pottsville, Cressona, or a mix up of local factions.

The Negro camp meetings were held here in the Eck. I think that they were of the Methodist faith, and gathered from various sections. As a boy, at that time, I saw many negroes that, when later I made my home in Pottsville, I recognized as an Old Mr. Hopkins, the professional whitewasher, Peter Good, Bill Bowers, and many other men and women, who comprised the good old negro families, respectable then, living on Minersville Street, before the new influx which came with the World War. However, there are many exceptions of good negroes still living in our city.

But times altered. The Coal Companies began to wash coal and the onrush of the muck destroyed all of this beautiful and natural park. I believe that there are still some beauty spots down "Lovers Lane" leading down from the main road that extends up the mountain. Places where the dirt couldnot reach. The tall rhododendron bushes, the beautiful flowers, the tall hickory, chestnut, walnut, and wild apple trees, are but a memory.

About two hundred yards north of the "Eck", on the bank of the Schuylkill, dwelt "Mommy P." The ravens fed Elijah at the brook of Cherith. Mom was sustained by the same hand of Providence by the clear waters of the Schuylkill. Her fuel was gleaned from the stream, coal from sand bars in the river, and the water brought drift wood to her door. Her garden and chickens furnished food, and

as "King Saul" sought the "Witch of Endor", so many went to her for solace and comfort. If "Hex marked the spot", as some would tell, it was not here, as Mom was nothing more than a harmless old fortune teller, clean and moral with a tendency to humor, entering into the jokes that her clients played upon one another.

Still a little further north along the river, I see the old wooden covered bridge that connected Columbia Street with the valley of Long Run. This bridge was a spooky affair, long, narrow, and very dark, enclosed on both sides and under cover. When you walked through it, the splinters from the planks were a menace to bare feet and, with the accumulated dust of many years, felt like a lot of dirty velvet when walked upon.

Here a ghost walked at night, weeping, moaning, and wailing. It was in the form of a very tall woman, clad in pure white, accompanied by an immense large black dog. Many there were who had heard her wailings as she walked to and from through the bridge, but none had seen her.

At a gathering some time ago, I related the legend of this bridge. When I finished, a young man stated that he wished to lend credence to that story. His mother's name was Kauterman. (a good old Schuylkill Haven name). She had been raised in the first house, just outside the bridge, and with others had sat up many a night waiting for the woman to come, but she never came. If I may venture a solution of this spook, I would say that the wind blowing through the bridge and its many crevices caused the unearthly noises. A board missing or broken from one side of the bridge would throw a beam of light across the floor, and up the other side, especially on a moonlight night, and would be taken for a big white

woman by anyone who believed in spooks and had an acute imagination. But the dog! Yes, who could see a big black dog in that dark, black spooky bridge, anyway. Its darkness was blacker than any dog could be.

For many years Schuylkill Haven had its "Big Woman". To be sure it was a very tall man masquerading as a woman, yet the town at that time, had one or two very large women upon whom suspicion would rest at times. I am sure that the "Big Woman" was not always the same person, especially in different years. Many had seen her. However, she never harmed anyone physically. I knew one young couple that she pushed off the sidewalk into the gutter, saying "It's time for you to be at home and in bed". I think "she" was not only a self-appointed guardian of the young people out late at night, but a peeping Tom, or "snapwatcher" himself, whose adventures one year would encourage some other tall man to act as the "Big Woman" the next year.

I actually saw her myself. It was at the drumming-out-of-town of Sam Adams. Adams was a prosperous miller, proprietor of the steam flour mill, that afterwards became Bergens knitting mill and is now a garage. Adams had been married to a very fine lady; but he deserted her for Liz----- (We will call her Liz for convenience). She had a previous shady reputation, and was married to a not too bright, but honest man, whom she deserted for Adams. They lived together for several years, when Sam left her for another Liz, with yet a shadier past. Blandy Eckert had thrown Liz No. 2 out of his place bodily, causing a riot or commotion at his place where Paddy Belton was severely cut and injured. Sam and Liz No.

2's conduct, after this affair, became too much for the hoodlums of the community. They decided to drum them out of town and immediately proceeded to do so.

They formed down near the docks and were augmented by many boatmen. When the procession was ready to start, the Big Woman appeared and headed the parade, followed by a wagon with a pole. This pole was supported by Jumbo, the big negro from the boats. From the pole Sam was hung in effigy from a yard arm, and upon the seat of the wagon sat two men disguised as women with a placard on each marked "Liz No. 1," "Liz. No. 2!" Then followed the drums: drums of every description, big and little, washboilers, basins, tin pans and horns of every shape and size.

The following morning Sam swore out warrants of arrest upon thirty-nine men to appear at Jim Helm's squire's office, at 7:30 P.M. of the same day. None appeared, but instead the Big Woman with the selfsame parade, added to by countless boys and whatever noisy instrument they could find, paraded again. Sam and Liz remained. The parade took place the third night, in the same manner, led by the "Big Woman". By this time everyone knew who "she" was. On the morning of the fourth day, the news spread forth that Sam and Liz. No. 2 had flown. They were never seen again, in Schuylkill Haven, or this region. A few days after their disappearance Liz. No. 1 left also. However, let me relate the fact that many of those who drummed Sam out of town were not a whit better than he. There were skeletons hiding in the closets of that rabble, remarkably so in that of the Big Woman. Periodically in after years Schuylkill Haven still had its Big Woman.

Across lots, diagonally south from the old covered bridge, lived Mom B. If "Hex marked the spot", here it was. She looked and acted the same. She had moved into the "Dutch Flat" from over the mountain, Summer Hill, or thereabouts. She was the mother of Joe Brown, the first man hung in Pottsville. He had brutally killed his grandparents with a club and it was said that Mom had told him to execute the deed, so that they could share the several hundred dollars the old couple had accumulated.

Nothing seemed to be too bad for her to do. Her home was a shebang, a place where the lowest of the low gathered. Many young men were enticed to this place to their sorrow.

Over in the Smoke Town section, lived Mammy Y. She told fortunes, and people said that she was a witch and could place spells upon one. I remember that most girls and boys would leave the sidewalk and go into the street when passing her place, believing that if you tread upon her pavement, you would become bewitched, or hexed. However, like Mommy P., I believe that she was a harmless, respectable old woman, that did not do anything worse than tell a few fortunes.

Out Spring Garden way dwelt Madam Bond. Madam came on the canal with Jake Bond and his son, Harry. She stayed with them on the boat for a number of years, but subsequently rented a house, set herself up as Madam Bond, and would only make occasional trips with them. She told fortunes galore and entertained.

When the canal closed, Jake and Harry went down with their last trip, disappearing for good. Madam, in her quiet affable way, as though she never knew them, kept living her life in the same old way, entertaining her friends.

At one time I was the proprietor of a shoe store on Main Street. Bright Pflueger, the newspaper deliverer, one morning came into the store and said, "Madam Bond wants you to bring shoes out to her house for her to make a selection from." A sale was a sale with me, so I tied up several pairs that I believed would suit her. I knew that Madam could not cast a spell over me.

Her home stood in a hollow, down from a wall, next to the Episcopal Church. To reach it you had to go down an inclined board walk that stopped at her kitchen door.

I saw through the window that Madam had company, and at my approach, she shouted, "Come in". There was no time in which her guest could disappear. I entered and recognized the visitor, sold her a pair of shoes and left. Upon returning to the store, my clerk twitted me about having visited Madam Bond. Little did my employee know that Madam's guest was this clerk's own father, who was having breakfast with her at 8:30 A.M.! I had to keep quiet about it, in order not to make trouble in their home. He saw me afterwards, thanking me for my silence, also saying, "You know Madam and I are old friends, we were on the Canal at the same time and were only going over old times together". Let the dead rest in peace!

I can see the top rim of the 'Second Mountain looming up behind the Almshouse. Here in a deep hollow, at the foot of the incline, lived Jakey S. The "Wizard of the Dell. He was a small man, wore a very high hat, much faded, with a peacock feather sticking high above its top. He reminded me very much of a big rabbit. It was said that he possessed, and had studied, the seventh book of Moses and could undo all the mischief that the witches had made.

He could remove all spells, charms, and cure wastaway in babies, and cure the "Slock". I think that "Slock" meant either paralysis, or consumption. If your turkeys or live stock were penned up by neighbors, he could cause them to be released and they would come home.

Some of his sons must have inherited his gifts of necromanc, for Oh, my! what a lot of spookeri and hexeri I had to listen to from one of them.

I had befriended him once in a financial way when he was about to loose his possessions through the sheriff. After that he was my sworn friend forever. He came to visit me once a week, and poured his mystical, impossible tales into my ear, unending, at such times^{as}, I could not get away from him. There is no such thing as magic, spells, hexing, spooking or anything of the sort.

Nevertheless, some boys from Cressona told me that there was a witch in their town, and if I would come over some evening they would show her to me. I went over and sure enough, there she was. I have forgotten her name, and the house she lived in. We stood about where the United Brethren Church now stands and looked over the Railroad yards across the meadows toward where the Cressona Bank now is. The night was dark. She stood full length within a window, swinging a lantern in a wide circle, making crosses through the center, ⊕. What it represented, I cannot tell. The boys said that she did this every night from sunset to dawn, and that it was Granny some-one, that she had given out that she was hexing Dr. D.

The gold, red, purple and blue have gone from out of the

sky. A party of young people have come for a corn roast and want the rock for a table. I know that my folks will say when I reach home, "If you cannot come home before the evening meal is over, you will not get any supper in the future". But I forget, for some of them have gone forever, those whom I have loved, but I can still return to my easy chair and my Joan, leaving the beloved rock and memories of the town, for my home on the terrace in Pottsville.

John B. Bowman,
425 E. Norwegian Street,
Pottsville, Pa.
June 5th, 1939

NAMES AND PLACES

Many cities, towns, rivers, etc. on the eastern portion of our country, took their names from places, homes and names of people from the old country. Settlers or employers named places after themselves, the place they came from, their rulers or what impressed them most of the homeland. Not so was it with the Schuylkill River. The first employers passed its mouth without seeing it, which caused them to give it the Dutch name meaning "hidden stream". Another version of its name is, that the Swedes and Dutch sailed up the Delaware in 1684 and hid themselves in a creek, hence, Schuylkill in English is "Hidden Creek".

There are many Swedish or Dutch forms of spelling this name:

Schole-Kill	- Lovelace, 1669	archives 1.29.
Schulkill	- Homes, 1681	map.
Schoolkill	town 1685	col. rec. 1-126
Schuylkill	Vander Doneck 1685	map.
Schilkill	town	1698 col. rec. 1-372
Skoolkill	town	1690 col. rec. 1-334
Skoikil	- Deed of 1683	Archives, 1-65

We do not believe that those persons in authority, or who had the opportunity of giving the names to streams and places in the anthracite region exercised very good judgment. For example, there are five Swataras and four Schuylkills, the little Schuylkill and east and west branches. See how much better they did in the Lehigh Valley. Following the Lehigh River from the Delaware we have the

Manocasy at Bethlehem, the Jordan at Allentown, Catasaqua at Catasaqua, and the Lizard Creek at Bowmanstown.

The same is true of the towns in our region. There are Bears everywhere: at the junctions, in the valleys, on the ridges, in the hollows on the mountains and most any place. The Panthers are almost as numerous as the Bears, and the Locusts swarm everywhere, while the Beavers peep out at various places.

But some one with a thought of beauty gave the beautiful name Primrose to one of the dirtiest little patches in the region. How much nicer it would have been, to have had but one Bear, Panther, Locust, Beaver, Meadow, etc. and more Iris, Marigold, Zinnia, Heliotrope, Daffodil, Azalea, Lotus, Nasturtium, and Forgetmenots. They couldn't be worse than an overdose of wild animals.

Pottsville, the largest and best city in our region, has the ugliest name. I am inclined to believe that the Putt or Pott family, themselves, were not proud of it. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with Misses Jane and Emma, who resided in the old homestead at Pottsville, and were daughters of Benjamin, son of John (the founder of Pottsville) and Miss Emma told distinctly that her name was not Pott, but Putt.

I have attended, in the past, nine conventions of the Cities of the 3rd Class, and when upon being introduced to other delegates, they would say, "Oh Yes! Mr. Bowman of Pottsville and Chambersburg." I had to hear that moth-eaten joke, that originated in the following manner. Ramsey Potts, whose name I do not find among those of the founder's posterity, was elected to the State

assembly in 1877. Ramsey was wont to tipple and stand up to the bar, and would become talkative and sometimes boastful. Upon this occasion he was "shooting off" and stated, so all might hear, that the Potts family was one of the best known throughout the state, he said, "You know there is Pottsville and Pottstown", "And Chambersburg, too, Ramsey", a wag called out from the other end of the bar. So we who love our city must suffer that - and Chambersburg too.

Chambersburg, like Pottsville, was not named after any vessel of the sea, nor any other portable household vessel, but after its founder, Ben. Chambers, a Scotsman.

Philadelphia, at the mouth of the Schuylkill, was named after Philadelphia, an ancient city of Lydia, Asia Minor, seat of one of the seven churches of Asia.

Berks County was named after Berkshire, in England, and Reading, its capitol, for the English city of Reading.

Hamburg, farther up the Schuylkill, for the city of the same name in Germany. This Berks County town, for over a century, was noted as having celebrated its "Battalion".

At the close of the Revolution, the United States Government desired that all adults should drill, whether with fire-arms, brooms, or sticks, to meet at a given place once a year for a general battalion drill. Hamburg was selected as such a place and after the military requirements were finished, it turned into a dance and celebration lasting several days, being attended like a county fair along the street, in daytime, and dancing during the night. My high school teacher was reared on a farm below Orwigsburg, educated at

Kutztown, and taught school in Hamburg and then Schuylkill Haven. He loved Hamburg, went back and died there. Many things he told us of this Battalion, how the women sold "Chincher bret and meat", (mead) along the street.

Henry Sterner of West Norwegian Street, Pottsville, who died at a very old age, said that ginger-bread men and mead, the best he ever had, were served at the unveiling of the Henry Clay Monument in 1854.

Ginger bread was a ginger cake baked in molds, representing men, women, horses, dogs, fish, rabbits, etc. My mother had a long string of these molds, that were lent out to all comers during the months preceeding 4th of July and Christmas. The last time that I saw them, they were worn quite dull and coming apart from much use.

Mead was a concoction of yeast, molasses or honey, sassafrass flavoring and water, put into bottles and jugs to raise or work, then corked with stoppers, sealed, and set in the sun for several days. These cork stoppers were saved during the year from various sources and could be bought at the general stores. All the cousins went from home to home to get a drink of Aunt Angeline's mead, and Oh my, how it popped and tasted !

I have heard tell, that the Loechels, who conducted a bakery with a wholesale and retail candy business on Center Street, made the best mead of any one in Pottsville. Like the Boehmer cracker receipt it was impossible to procure, though many attempts had been made to do so. However, one day a woman customer, anxious to solve the mystery, said, "Why Mrs. Loechel, how do you make this delicious mead?" Desirous to please a customer she enumerated several

ingredients and then finished, when her little son, who was listening in, sang out, "Yes mom, but you forgot the cinnamon", and the secret was out.

The Boehmer cracker mystery died with the last of the Boehmers. In those days we had only the water, soda, oyster, and the cracker that the Boehmers made. Since then many others in biscuit and cracker form have come on the market, and to-day it would not have been missed with the same regret, as it was when Mr. Boehmer died.

Mr. G. A. Berner said, that as a child, way back in the 1860's, he bought, for a penny, extra large and thick home made baby boy ginger cakes, from Mommy Miller. She kept a candy shop next to the soap factory on Second street, and later moved her store to Center St.

I was never at the Hamburg Battalion, yet my memory goes back to those days and brings to mind the following quaint rhymes of that day:

De Katie gate noch witter fort,
Sei gate bis uns Badalia.
Donce mit unner men a roon
Un Ich mus for sei zaria.

Translated:

The Katie went off again,
She went to the Battalion,
Dances around with other men,
And I must support her.

Oh, I am going to the Hamburg,
To the Hamburg, to the Hamburg Fair,
To see the monkey ride the Elephant,
And the wild Kangaroo and Bear.

The Allentown Band would play a selection and then pause,
during which a man would sing:

De Ula cum zu mere,
Un sang ich sul sei kissen,
Un no fur louter leip,
So hof ich sei gabissen.

Translated:

The Ula came to me,
And said that I should kiss her,
And then because I loved the girl,
I just up and bit her.

These Battalions were continued for many years after the
Revolutionary War, especially in some of the New England States.
Nevertheless, I do not know of any more recent that that held at
Hamburg.

Auburn. What more can we say than the poet said:

"Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth."

Auburn was very likely named after the town in Ireland of which Goldsmith has so beautifully written.

Orwigsburg is situated in Schuylkill County, was its first county seat and was named after its founder, Peter Orwig. It also has the honor of executing the first murderer hung in Schuylkill County. It was that of a negro, and the prevailing sentiment was, that he should not have been hanged, as he had killed in self defence. However, another version of the affair was, that the victim had done him an injury, that the negro had gone to a lawyer seriously and asked, "In case a man did thus and so to you, what would you do?" Without any serious thought or consideration, he jocosely replied, "Why, I would kill him", and the negro followed his jesting advice, and did so.

When I was twenty years of age, I started a drygoods store in Orwigsburg with a partner, Mr. L. W. Kein, and after seven months, sold to him my interest in the business, but during those seven months, I made many friends, of whom I have the fondest recollections. The outstanding character was Dr. Geo. Binkley, who besides enjoying a very large practice, conducted a Drug Store just two doors from our Dry Goods emporium, and we struck up a very close friendship. He was extremely rough, gruff, and profane, having been a soldier in the Civil War, but good hearted, doing much good in the community. He had married Mary Mellot, of the Seven Stars, a

very fine lady, sweet as a woman could be. Their dispositions were entirely opposites. He said that before knowing Mrs. Binkley, another girl took his eye. Her father had a good farm and besides was doing a fine business operating a grist mill. He drove up to her home one day and asked her to go driving with him. She accepted and he whipped up the horse. They had hardly started, when she turned to him and said, "Aint, you are after me for my money?" He made no reply, turned the horse around, drove back to the gate and said, "Goddam you, get out."

I used to sit with the Binkleys daily, and he teased his wife shamefully. I was only a kid, they were middle aged with two grown children, Horace and May. One day a prominent man from Schuylkill Haven came along, and the Doctor stopped him and said, "Just look, here is that Goddam Bowman after my wife." She arose and ran into the house.

On another occasion two men drove up very much excited, and said, "Hurry up, Doctor, jump in, a man has just been murdered out in Kimmel's field." Well, you should have heard him swear! He jumped up, "You S. of B's get to hell out of here, get that quack down street. Do you think I have time to spend two weeks at court on account of a D. D. tramp?"

I ran out to Kimmel's field, and there on his back lay a man with a triangle cut in his stomach. The murderer had stabbed, turned the knife sidewise. The murderer was a French grape-grower who was employed by Carl Yakel, who conducted a vineyard just outside of town. He was acquitted at the trial in court. It proved to be a case of self-defence. The Frenchman had some money and a bottle of

whiskey. The murdered tramp and another hobo had hit him on the head with a stone, in order to get his money, not satisfied with sharing in the drink.

The Doctor took me with him on his morning trip, every day, through the lower section of the county. One morning early, before I was out of bed, he came rushing through the store, up the back stairs, into my bedroom, threw me, covers and all out on the floor. "Get up, you lazy loafer, I've got a hurry call in Pottsville." I had a brother a doctor, and another brother had a doctor's degree from the College of Pharmacy, and at one time the family conducted a drug store on the corner, where the Bowman Dry Goods store is now located, in Schuylkill Haven. So to make me feel good, or pat me on the back, now and then, some one would call me "Doctor", too, though I was never more than a yard stick slinger.

On this particular morning we put on our best clothes. The Doctor hitched up his two fine horses, he usually only drove one, and we set out. When we rounded Cape Horn, there were a lot of men working in the Pennsylvania Rail Road yard and one from Schuylkill Haven, who knew me well, sang out, "Hello there, Doctor Bowman." I answered back a "Hello, there". Well, the real Doctor made it blue for quite a while, I thought he was going to bite me. "So you are the Doctor and I am your hostler, with your two fine horses, driving you up to Pottsville to see a patient? Well, this will be the last time you come with me this side of Orwigsburg." Crude he was, some said ugly, yet he was lovable. When I had made it known that I was leaving town, he gave a farewell watermelon party in my honor. Mrs. Binkley decorated the parlor with flowers, and invited

a large gathering of very nice people. When they had assembled, it was found that the Doctor had placed a pyramid of watermelons in the middle of the floor and upon the door entering into the hall a large sign, "This way to the water Closet."

When the Lehigh Valley Rail Road was constructed from the main line to Blackwood, through the Lizard Creek Valley, the Italian laborers struck. Beginning at Blackwood, they marched south, gathering the men at every contract. They came marching through Orwigsburg many hundreds strong, but when they reached Frisby, several miles south and the Thomas Rickert contract, Mr. Rickert met them with a shot gun, and fired a double blast over the leaders' heads. Well! you should have seen the result of that shot. The Italians scattered in every direction, out over the fields in terror and fear of being shot. They came into the town exhausted, some sat and others lay in the gutter. Constable Yost gathered up eighteen, took them before Squire Madden and had them committed to jail for rioting. They were loaded into Moyer's hack and taken to Pottsville; Thus Mr. Rickert broke the strike.

Schuykill Haven is the best named of all the towns along the river. It carries with it a beautiful sentiment meaning "Hidden Rest" and was indeed a haven for exiles, from the old country, during its earlier days. Irish fleeing from the famine in Ireland, and Germans after the "Franco Prussian War". These two nationalities rivaled each other with bitter hatred. The Germans settled on a level tract in the southern part of the town. The Irish settled on the flat in the western section, across the Canal, they called the Germans "Dutch Flatters", who in turn called them "Irish Flatters",

consequently we have both the Irish and Dutch Flats to this day.

Forgive me, "my friends", but as I sit and ponder, these faces peer at me out of the past:

Corkey Tom, I used to believe, was Tom Corkron, but it developed that he was Thomas Malone, called "Corkey Tom" because he came from County Cork in Ireland. Tom had a hard time of it, as both men and boys all yelled at him "Corkey in the Flour Barrel", at which he would make a face, skip with his feet, cover his face with his sleeve, and good naturedly move along.

Tom and some friends left their boats at the dock one night, in New York City, to take in the slums. It wasn't long before Tom found himself stark naked in a back yard. He had been shot down a schute from the second floor of a building. His friends secured a barrel and led him back to the boat in a flour barrel, hence, "Corkey in the flour barrel."

Nicholas Goose was a fine industrious old German carpenter, none better, but his name, Goose, was too much for the school children, and they would call out in passing his home, "Goosie, Goosie, Gander". This became very irritating to him, so he decided to stop it, and chased a crowd of half grown girls. Catching up with Tillie Bosler, a German girl, he being a very tall man, reached down and caught her by the hair, whereupon she screamed, "Oh! Nicholas Goose, lus mich loose, Nicholas Goose." He meant no harm and let her go, but as a middle aged married woman, Tillie was teased by someone, calling to her, "Nicholas Goose, lus mich loose."

Goat Hill too, was settled by the Irish. It is that part of the town in the West Ward across the railroad, along the hill side. It consisted of a long row of one and a half story houses or shacks,

each having a goat stable leaning to the house, where a half dozen or more goats were kept by the family. There were goats running about everywhere, so the hill was termed "Goat Hill." These Old Irish folks (I knew them all) called their goats "Coos". I suppose they meant cows, or perhaps cues, in good Irish, may mean goats.

Goose Hill, like Goat Hill, was so named on account of the great number of geese the settlers raised.

Smoke Town adjoined Goose Hill on the east, near the boat yards in the southern end of town. Its inhabitants constantly burned chips that they procured at the boat yard, which kept their chimneys continually smoking, and the rest of the town's inhabitants called it Smoke Town.

Quarrelly Point, known for the quarrels that took place there is now a peaceful law abiding community.

When you go up Main Street and turn the corner into Dock Street, you are going out Spring Garden. All that part consisting of the North Ward, was called for a beautiful spring of clear water, flowing at the foot of Bosts Hill, just below where the Pennsylvania Depot now stands. It consisted of a box in the ground to catch the water that flowed from a metal spout in the bank. This water had its peculiar refreshing property. Each family, our own included, had its individual pump, however, they carried their drinking water from the spring. The Reading repair shops were then located way over at "Goat Hill", with many pumps and springs near by, yet they employed a water carrier to bring their drinking water for the men from this spring. He had a yoke across his shoulders, with an iron bar at each end leading down to a very large iron hoop within which

he stood. To this was attached two very large black buckets. He made constant trips and did nothing else. He made me wait many a time at the spring to fill my kettle, and I was blamed at home for loitering. It was the same with the landings and docks and office buildings, each one of which had its boy, who passed many pumps to get to the spring.

Out Spring Garden way was the regular parade place, after church on a Sunday night. We would sit on our porches to see the procession pass and return. A great number of these church people would go to the spring and stand in line waiting their turn to get a drink. Then in 1886 came the Pennsylvania Rail Road and built its depot just above the spring, there was no sewerage in those days and the spring's purity became doubtful, and it's popularity was altogether removed by the coming of the Water Company.

The "M^xoshey Mill" was a nickname given to the rolling mill. I do not know whether rolling mills were called Moshey Mills in other towns or not. Nevertheless, this one was. It consisted of a very large shed and yard with a chain factory adjoining that never produced chains in my time. The mill, at one time, was quite an industry, but in later years was run mostly by tramps, who slept in the sheds, without covers or bed. They would come without the proper clothes to go to work. The management would issue orders to the merchants, say, for one pair of shoes, \$2.00, no change to be given. This would keep the tramp from getting any money. If he had it, there would be no going back to work. They also issued orders to women in the neighborhood for meals. In this manner they held the tramps until pay day, when those who received any money left, and shut down the plant, in many instances.

x - About middle of Parkway - (was Canal St.)

Cressona was named for a prominent railroad official living in the town by the name of Cresson. Mr. A. R. Wilder lived at Cressona. He, too, was a prominent railroad official at one time. His hobby was the public schools. He personally told me that the origin of Teachers' County Institutes and the organization of county school directors was his, and their promotion also.

CRESSONA'S ANNUAL HUCKLEBERRY EXCURSION

Each year the officials of the Mine Hill division of the Reading Rail Road Company gave to their employees and their families a free trip to the flats at Gordon Plane, to pick huckleberries. I had been aware of these wonderful days out, by the Cressona people, and receiving consent of my Mother, I decided to chance it, and make the trip. I rose very early in the morning, took a large basket and hiked over to the Cressona depot. Two large cars were waiting. They had long benches all around the sides, with a double row down the center. Crowds of men and women were getting aboard, and I went in with them and took a seat. There wasn't any conductor, so all went well. The engine drew us up the Mine Hill road, past Thomason Colliery, then around the "Flour Barrel". The latter was a long curve, so extended that it took the shape of a barrel instead of a horseshoe. The "Flour Barrel" was very familiar during the days of the Gordon Plane, but is seldom heard of now.

We reached the head of the plane and scattered over the flats to pick berries. The signal to cease picking and to come in, was to be three long blasts of the engine whistle ten minutes apart. About the middle of the afternoon the first signal came and I hurried in by way of the plane house, and what I found there was a

woman by the name of Hannah Moore, who had come with us on the trip, buying berries from some Gordon boys and filling her two baskets to overflowing. The next issue of the Schuylkill Haven "Enterprise", its weekly paper, in its Cressona column, describing the outing, stated that Mrs. Hannah Moore again took the prize, having picked twice as many berries as any other picker, while Elsie Sterner and a boy from Schuylkill Haven seemed to have come next. I was that boy. Confound that woman, I'm mad at her yet!

Indian Run, called after Indians who had returned there to visit old haunts, as Professor Wheeler has ably proved. They were hard to capture or come at, as the valley had two outlets. One by way of the Black Creek, and the other Indian Run.

This valley at one time was very fertile with pasture lands and the settlers and farmers from Berks County would drive their cattle into it in the spring to fatten, driving them home in the fall.

At one time Schuylkill County tried to collect money from Berks County for having fed its cattle at Indian Run.

Mr. Wm. Sheets of Pottsville, told me that when he was a very little boy, his father, with Sol. Hoover, Mr. Sphereley and several other men, took him along on a camping party to the Indian Run Valley. They anticipated a good time fishing and shooting birds.

They had hardly pitched their tents, when a bull put in his appearance. The men tried to chase him back, which infuriated him. He broke down the tent, and they pitched little Bill into the wagon out of harms way. The bull began to gore the horses when they began to shoot him, but having nothing larger than bird shot, it took no effect and only made the bull worse. As best they could, he was

kept away until the horses were put to the wagon, when they made their escape. The bull had actually driven them out of the valley.

Dark Water was so named on account of the inky blackness of the stream that flows through the patch. I have a friend whose name is John. He belongs to the Good Intent Fire Company. He could be taken for a twin brother of Slim Somerville. Slim is a good comedian, because he tries hard to be one. John is a better one because he does not try and is unconscious of his humor. He has been on the road, travelled with circuses and says that he could write a book about his adventures, but people would not believe him anyhow, so he won't do it.

John was at the front in France, during the World War, and while in the trenches heard some German jargon spoken near by. He said to his companion, "I guess those "einies over there need a little something", whereupon his buttty threw a hand granade in the direction of the voices. Upon investigation, it was found that he had injured several of their own company, none fatally. They were a party of soldiers from Pinegrove, and made the mistake of speaking Pennsylvania Dutch.

John is now a railroader, but makes poort time. He had not made a trip for over five months, when finally he received a call, and going up the grade past Dark Water, he had to sneeze. He stuck his head out of the cab window to do so, when his false teeth flew out of his mouth into the creek. The water was so dark that he could not recover them, necessitating that he had to get a new set, which cost him more money than he had earned on the trip!

"Guinney Hill", I suppose was named so on account of the

few Italians that lived there in the early days of Pottsville. Guinney is applied to Italians, and the organ grinders with ~~amon-~~ key always stopped on the hill when in this section. In fact, one of Pottsville's first Italians lived there and he went around with ~~and~~ organ.

Pottsville had a "Rope Walk" where ropes were made and twisted. This consisted of a long narrow walk of several hundred feet, or longer than the longest rope that was made there. It was in the western section of the city, near the northern base of the high school stadium, and is still ^a vacant lot.

Out in the hollow near Mt. Hope, once upon a time there was a powder magazine. It blew up, wrecked some houses in Mt. Hope, killed a horse grazing near by, and the stones, of good size, flew to Centre Street.

The powder mills at Beckville, blew up twice during my time, with fatal results, and the marbles that were used in making powder flew far and wide. We gathered them and they were called "powder-millers". In the game of marbles we had to lay five "powdermillers" in the ring to match one common marble. They resembled a "common" but had black marks of a yellow cast and smelled like burned powder. I believe that there are still some ruins of those mills along the west branch of the Schuylkill, north of Beckville.

Bunker Hill, very likely received its name from historic "Bunker Hill". The oldest residents of our city say that it was called so, as far back as they knew.

One very old gentleman, said, that he went to school there.

~~His teacher's name was~~ . This old pupil remembers that his teacher resided in St. Clair, and walked to Pottsville each school day, that

he shot "readies" and "gutter snipes" (segar stumps) on the way to and fro, to smoke in his pipe. This was a common habit of the paupers from the "Pogy", but I never heard of a school teacher doing it before.

Hessestettle, now Yorkville, took its present name from the York farm tract of land in the western section of Pottsville, which tract had its origin, like other Yorks in the country, from the Duke of York, James the II of England.

Necho Allen Hotel, as we all know, took its name from the prospector "Necho Allen". However, the name Necho is Egyptian. In ancient history we read that Pharoah Necho, waged war against Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar must have been victorious, for again we read that the gold plate of Pharoah Necho was displayed at the feast of Belshazzar, fifty years later.

"The Orchard" was the original Pott apple orchard.

"Young's Landing " was called after three Englishmen, father and two sons, by the name of Young, who settled there. They had come to these mountains to better their health and all three died of a pulmonary disease, and were buried at the extreme eastern end of Greenwood Hill, where their monument still stands. When I first came to Pottsville there were three distinct graves, marked with separate stones, that finally loosened and scattered. I used to gather and return them to their proper places, but with the promoting of the "Hill", the smaller markers disappeared altogether.

Tumbling Run is a small stream draining a narrow valley about eight miles in length, and must have been well named, by those who saw it before the days of the dams.

At the mouth of the valley, two large dams were built to

supply water to the Schuylkill Canal. Around the upper dam many boat houses were built about the turn of the present century. The traction company built a road and ran its cars to accomodate the people, after which it became a very largely patronized summer resort. A large hotel, theatre, dance pavilion, merry-go-round, coasters, scenic railroad, a small passenger steamer on the lake, free vaudeville shows every evening - and indeed it was a most glorious thing for the city of Pottsville.

In those days, the custom of exposure was not as now, and the story is that an official's daughter went upon the dance floor improperly clad, and was ejected by the manager, after which her father became so aggravated that he demolished all this beauty.

Lorraine was built, a beautiful town upon the hill, but like Tumbling Run, it failed to endure and became a "deserted village". It was named after Lorraine Hadeisty, the daughter of a P & R, C & I official.

At shorter length:

Norwegian Creek was named after the Norway tract of land.

Mt. Carmel, after Mt. Carmel in the Holy Land.

Cass Township was named after Lewis Cass, Minister to France in 1843.

Mahanoy City, from Indian word, mahoni, meaning "a lick".

Brommer's Stettle (Brommerstown) after the Brommer family, who kept a tavern there.

Govel Barrick means forked mountain.

Nausie Dall, or the valley of noses.

Deer Lake was promoted about the time of the return of the

deer in that locality, hence its name.

Locks and dams along the canal, took the names of their keepers as: Sam Bowers Dam, Geigers locks, Warner's lock, Crommes's locks, etc. However, each had a number, but it not being displayed, I doubt whether the boatmen knew that they had numbers.

Shenandoah given by some one who loved Indian names, the name of a river and valley in Virginia.

Water Street is the name of a town in the central part of Pennsylvania. At this place the gap in the mountain was so narrow that the settlers had to walk through the waters of the Juniata River, hence its name.

Nearer home, we, too, had a street that passed through the water, or, a "water street". Down the highway to where the road turns to cross the bridge on the way to Cressona, there was a white bridge over the Canal, then came the old iron bridge across the Schuylkill. To the north side of the Schuylkill bridge, there was a road leading down from the white bridge through the Schuylkill (it was pretty wide here, but shallow) and then out on the level on the west side of the bridge.

Everyone driving, that was familiar with this highway, used it during such times when the water was low as it tightened the spokes of their wagon wheels. My father and older brothers used it, and to give our old spring wagon wheels a better soaking, would drive up the bed of the river almost to the five locks and return, leaving the stream on the Cressona side.

Under the white bridge the towpath was upon a wall about five feet above water. I could swim only a few strokes, and being over-venturesome, I jumped off this wall. I recall the sensation

of rising to the surface several times and the realization that I was drowning. When brother Lin (another youngster) hung to the wall with his two hands and extended a leg out and down into the water, I grasped it. He pulled me to the wall, where I held fast, and after a while crawled up. I remember lying there vomiting water, with a number of boys about me, who were all too young to give me any first aid. However, I got all right in a short while. Lin and I never told of it at home, and to this day, I do not believe that the rest of our brothers or sisters know of it, nor did mother.

Neddy Kerns, an old Irish Farmer from the Second Mountain, used this water street once when the water was too strong. His horse and buggy, and himself were washed down stream to a sand bar where they were rescued. It was said that if Neddy had been sober, he might have guided his horse through all right.

Swatara, a Creek almost in our midst, has four other little Swataras, like a kitty cat with her kittens. Its legend is that while hiding in the brush, an Indian came to the waters edge and shot an arrow across the stream at a deer, hitting it. He exclaimed, in English, "Swatara", meaning sweet arrow. The Englishman thought he meant the creek, so he called it Swatara. This - though doubtless apocryphal - was told me 47 years ago, in Lebanon.

Sweet Arrow Lake. This lake existed once before and was known as the Gross Damm (Big Dam) and is still called so by the people of that part of the county.

Like Tumbling Run, it was built to supply water for the canal that ran through that section.

I boarded three different summers with a farmer living near

by, long before the present lake was built. There was then only a shallow stream flowing through the valley, but the farmers all called it the "Gross Damm". I asked the reason and had it explained to me. I have made inquiry lately and found that the natives still persist in calling it the Gross Damm, and will for many years continue to do so, especially while Pennsylvania Dutch is spoken in that district.

Gloppordstettle (Paling Town) lies one half mile north west of the Gross Damm, on the road leading to North Pinegrove. In the long ago fences in the country districts were all made of split rails, some straight, other zig-zag. However, here a settlement of a dozen or more houses sprang up and their owners surrounded them with pale fences, hence the Dutch farmers passing by calling it Gloppard Stettle or Paling Fence Town.

Men living in the valley bordering on the Second Mountain were called "Zweta Barriers", or men from the Second Mountain. A Doctor standing in the water with hip boots to his waist, fishing, was tormented by a man, on a passing boat, with that shop worn and ancient old saying, "Fishermans luck, with a wet ass and a hungry gut." The man did not know the Doctor, but the Doctor knew him and replied, "Yah, do holp berctā zwet a Barrier cum in stadt un larn a bissle." "Yes, you half demented Second Mountainers come into town and be taught something."

The Iver Barriers (over the mountain) were the men that came from over the Schuylkill mountain, be it from the top of

the mountain or all the way to Strausstown, in Berks County. As long as he drove into town from over the mountain, he was an Iver Barrier. The saying is still prevalent, "That they come from over the mountain."

Mauch Chunk is to-day often called "The Chunk". The boats loaded there were called "Chunkers" and the men who worked upon them were also called "Chunkers". These boats were much smaller than the boats of the Schuylkill Canal, and would occasionally come for a load of coal at the Schuylkill Haven docks. These boats were in two parts held together by couplings, and could be separated at will, which was a convenience in loading and unloading. Half a boat was much easier pushed under the shutes than a whole one and when both halves were loaded, they were again joined together and the little steamer Petrel drew it out into the dam.

Should the naming of any localities in these pages seem familiar to you, and that they are not original to the writer, I would say that many years ago there appeared in the Pottsville Evening Republican an article giving similar descriptions of some of these places. The article was not signed, nevertheless, I beg to state that I was the author of that article. I think it was called "Strange (or Curious) Names", but it's written so long ago, that I have forgotten both the year and the title.

John B. Bowman,
425 E. Norwegian St.,
Pottsville, Pa.

July 24, 1939

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DIALECT

Among the many interesting phenomena connected with the Pennsylvania German or Pennsylvania Dutch there is none more striking than their persistence in clinging to their dialect. They are a people living in the heart of the United States surrounded by English, yet after a lapse of 200 years, holding to a considerable degree, to the language of their ancestors.

Their persistence of character and spirit, their love of language in retaining their Pennsylvania German dialect is shown by the fact that much of the intercourse of business and social life is still carried on in it, even larger cities of the state -- Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading Lebanon and Lancaster being the more prominent.

The origin of the dialect resulted from immigrants of the German States, Palatinate, Wurtemberg, and Swiss. These dialects were all different, hence we have the basis for the Pennsylvania German dialect, which was modified by their connections, intercourse and marriage, with Welsh, English, Scotch Irish, Indian and Hebrews. Therefore we find in its vocabulary expressions from each of these nationalities. "Tuwok" Pennsylvania Dutch term for tobacco is virgin Indian; "luch" meaning a hole is Swiss; "recha", (to smell) from German rechnen; "molosich" (molasses) is English; "hupsa" (to hop) is Scotch Irish, and so on.

Pennsylvania German names like other German names may be divided into three classes:

The First class is derived from personal names: Bernhard, (Strong as a Bear) Detrich (ruler of people) Gottschalk (sword of God). Often times a name was shortened as Kuhn (from Kunrat) Hein, (from Henrich) Ott (from Ottman).

The Second class is derived from occupation: Bomgartner (orchard grower) Heilman (to heal) Brunner (well digger).

Third class or place where individual lived: a tavern sign or where he came from: Berner (from the city of Bern, Swiss) Basler (from Basel) Berger (lives on hill) Boehm (a Bohemian).

There have been written hundreds of volumes upon the Pennsylvania German as a people, and comparatively nothing upon the dialect or language, so I ask your indulgence, in case I step aside at times and become personal, as this paper was to be solely pertaining to the dialect.

In the days of the early colonies they were not ignorant or illiterate as attributed to them, it was simply a lack of the English language, few, if any, knew English, and were misunderstood. The proportion who could read and write was equal to that of New England or New York. They kept to themselves, in fear of being swamped and imposed upon by foreign neighbors, suspicious of religious and political prejudices. Besides, their literature was all in German: Bibles, Hymn Books, Papers and Almanacs. Also they preferred to send to Germany for tutors, although English teachers were available. In those days they took little or no interest in colleges, but believed that to read, write and so sums was all that was necessary.

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I recall that during my own school days, many parents saw no reason why their children should know more than they did, and of what use were grammar and Geography anyway! However, this sentiment has largely passed away with the growth of towns' and cities', progress, intermarriage, and the mingling with neighbors. All the youth were taught in English, so English letters and spelling were adopted. Some years ago at an institute in a nearby county, an instructor was telling the teachers how to make their pupils pronounce the word "did", which they called "dit" and in Berks County, a young teacher was told to practice speaking (Dutch) in order to make her pupils understand their lessons, it being hard for them speaking Dutch constantly and then going to school, where text books were in English. I submit the following example.

A proud Mother came into my place of business with a six or seven year old boy saying: "Tommy spell a mole Fence Mouse for der Mr. B---!" and Tommy spelled, "Fens (Fence) Mos (Mouse) Fens Mos, fpring uf de fens mouse Fens mos."

The Dutch use a freedom of speech that seems to permit the substitution of words at will where no real Dutch words are available in the speakers vocabulary. For instance, I heard a Pennsylvania German make his report to a Dutch speaking audience, after returning from a conference, and he said, "sei sin so hoech medich, sei ben mich tetottaly ignored." Meaning they were so high minded, that they ignored him altogether. The using of the English words "tetottaly" and "ignored", caused no comment among his own kind. This would have caused a twitter had the conditions been reversed. For example, at a dinner where English was being spoken a man said, "Hand me the leffle and I'll shep me some bree", meaning "Hand me the spoon and I'll help myself to the dressing." Using the word leffel, (for spoon) shep which means to shovel (for help) bree (for gravy or dressing). The word bree in Pennsylvania Dutch can be applied to any liquid, whether it is found on the dinner table, in the gutter or barn yard. His expression caused an uproar among his English speaking listeners. The man still lives and his appearance often causes the retelling of the occurrence.

There are English sentences that are hardly expressible in Pennsylvania Dutch.

How would you say that Nero was accursed of the Lord, as the Bible says? When a boy at a camp-meeting in Berks County, I heard a local preacher from lower Schuylkill County, preaching in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, telling of the persecution of the Christians by the Romans, and desiring to express the Lord's attitude toward Nero, He said "Der Got Ferdomte Nero"! Translated into English would mean, "That God damned Nero!"

For about forty six years I have been trying to solve the question as to how otherwise he could have expressed it in Pennsylvania Dutch.

The area in which the dialect is spoken is about one third of the total land area of the state of Pennsylvania. There are sections outside the state, such as counties in Maryland adjacent to Dutch speaking Counties of Pennsylvania and it is spoken in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and some sections of Indiana, also Illinois that were colonized by Pennsylvania people.

Swiss admixture predominates in Lancaster and York, while German rules in most of the other counties.

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Swiss admixture predominates in Lancaster and York, while German rules in most of the other counties.

A woman's dress is a Frock in some counties while in others they will persist that it is a Gount.

No two persons write the words of the dialect alike! It is German and Swiss influenced and changed by English, it never seems permissible when speaking or writing even to stop for want of a word.

The Pennsylvania German has often been accused of coarseness and ignorance, which is an injustice. He is of a highly praiseworthy character. The faculty of most of our Pennsylvania colleges is made up of Pennsylvania Dutchmen. Some of our best and most noted State Governors such as Wolf, Shunk, Bigler, Hartranft, Beaver, Pennypacker, Brumbaugh and Gov. Fisher were proud to call themselves Pennsylvania Dutchmen, and Andrew Mellon's Mother was Sarah Jane Negley of Lancaster, from a Pennsylvania German family.

Many books and manuscripts have been written in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect. Mostly by men who were raised among them, and spoke the language. They wrote principally upon a humorous strain.

They were men who had become principally Ministers, Editors Lawyers, etc.

When the town editor sat by his fireside reading Shakespear, and his good wife inquired, Vas laicensie? (What do you read?) He turned to her and replied.

"Es war ouse geva aus ich schlofa hut in mime bomgarta.
Un es an slung uf mich gakrattled war,
Un hut mich doat gabissa
Sell war dea stohra in gonsa land
Ovar dei very slung es dime
Danty doat gabissa hut,
Draught all a while dime
Dauty sei Crowen uf em Cupp.

(Taken from the Ghost scene in Hamlet)

Literally Translated:

It was given out, that I lay sleeping in my orchard and that a serpent crawled upon me, and stung me to death. That was the story through-out the land.

But the very serpent that stung thy Father to death wears at present time thy Father's Crown upon his head.

When the city Lawyer wrote of the character of the men of his native township he said

"Swi huckat in der Vatz House room
An spautza tuwock bree
Un acta feel und gooka sheer
We dun swei beinich fee
So huckah se room at holva nacht
Uf boxa, fesser un stheel,
Un alla ovate sin se dort,
Issas warm utter keel.

A woman's dress is a freak in some countries while in others they will persist that it is a gown.

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When the town editor sat by his fireside reading Shakespeare, and his good wife inquired, 'Was latensest? (What do you read?) He turned to her and replied.

His war once gave me ich schloß but in mine house.
In an elung of mich gekriegt war, -
In but mich doot gedase -
Self war des ston in gonas land -
Over del very elung es dime
Danty doot gedase but -
Draught all a while dase -
Danty sel Grown up on camp.
(Taken from the Ghost scene in Hamlet)

Laterally Translated:
I was given out, that I lay sleeping in my orchard and that a serpent crawled upon me, and stung me to death. That was the story through-out the land.

But the very serpent that stung thy Father to death weans at present time thy Father's Crown upon his head.
When the city Lawyer wrote of the character of the man of his native town, he said

"Swi huckel in der Vets House room
An apantus tunkel bree
Un sets feel und gooks sheer
We dun swei beinich fee
So huckel se room at helve nacht
Un boks, fesser un theel,
Un alla ovate sin se dort;
Lasse warn utter keel.

Unfortunately Pennsylvania Dutch verses cannot be translated into English verse or rythm.

Translated, again literally, the above Dutch verse would mean:

They sit around in the tavern and spit tobacco juice
And act very much and look almost like dumb two legged cattle.
So they sit around half of the night,
On boxes, barrels and chairs,
And every night they are there whether it's warm or cold.

They had their rhymes and jingles:

Ain, zwei, drie
Miney mutter chwei
Rech des essa uf de dish
Cum de Katz un fress de fish,
Cum de Yager mit de govel,
Slocht de Katz uf de schnovel

Literally translated:

One, two, three
My mother is industrious
She arranged the victuals on the table
Then came the cat and ate the fish
Then came the farmer with his fork and hit the cat one on his nose.

And that beautiful one of Lee Grumbein:^{1.}

Der alt Denglestuck,^{2.}
Dart stecht im Bluck
Unner'm alte Pund-aupple Baum;
Am nasht lenkt die sans--
Der recht bei der fenz
Shen alles wer'n schoner traum.
Klingel Klangel

Hommer un dangle
Der Denglestuck klangked un klingked
Harra vas der Dengelstuck singt.

The old *dinglestuck that sticks in a block
Under an old pound apple tree
And near by hangs the scythes,
There right by the fence.
It seems almost like a pleasant dream,
Klinge Klangle, etc.

NOTE. 1.- Lee Grumbein was employed by "The Report of Lebanon. He died very young, probably of appendicitis although early in the 1890's it was not commonly recognized as such.

"As was ouse geva as ere hut seva culva gree welshcon essa un sell hut em doat gamacht."

(It was said that he ate seven ears of green corn and that that killed him.)

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Dart stecht im Bluck
Unner'm alte Pund-apple Baum;
Am nachst jehnt die sanna--
Der recht bei der Tenn
Shen alies wer'n schöner treum.
Klingel Klingel

Hommer un dangle
Der Dangelstuck klangel un klingel
Herta vas der Dangelstuck singt.

The old "dingelstuck" that sticks in a block
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"As was once given as one hat save culva gree welschon eess un self
ut en doot gemacht."
(It was said that he ate seven ears of green corn and that that
killed him.")

NOTE--continued.

2. The denglestuck was a substitute for the grindstone. The Pennsylvania German sythe was of malleable metal. It was sharpened by drawing it over the denglestuck, a piece of metal curbed in a block of wood. As the sythe passed over the metal it was struck with a hammer which brought the blade to a sharp edge.

Their dialect was replete with beautiful riddles. I recall

Im weisi borda doom,
Der hucht a gaily bloom
Um ware dei gaily bloom wit hova,
Must des weisi boda doon ferschлага

The answer to the above is the yoke of an egg.

Within a white bordered home
There sits a yellow flower,
And who ever wants this yellow flower,
Must first destroy the white bordered dome.

Also

Re, Rie Ripple
Gale is de sipple
Swartz is de luch
Wo de Re Ri Ripple drin kocht.

The answer is apple butter -- The yellow copper kettle with the black apple butter cooking within.

We will conclude this paper by relating a little incident that occurred some years ago in Berks County.

A number of metropolitan men and women made a visit to that interesting County. On a local passenger train one of them said "Let's get out of here. It's nothing but Dutch, Dutch for breakfast, dinner, supper and at bedtime. Let's go where we won't hear it.!"

Like the spirit of '76 the blood of the Dutch conductor boiled and burst forth with equal fervor!

"You won't hear any Dutch in hell, my friends."

Supplement.

Page 74 of "The Pennsylvania Dutch" by Gibbons refers to a hymn book used by the "old Mennonites" and Amish, which gives an account of the persecution in Zurich between the years 1635 and 1645. Many of the persons mentioned in the Hymn Book as suffering at this time appear to be families now found in Lancaster County. Thus we have Landis, Meylin, Strickler, Bachman, and Gut, now Good; Muller, now Miller; Bauman, now Bowman. Mention is made of about eighteen persons who died in prison during this persecution.

Hymns were not many in this book, but it contained much of their sufferings in the Fatherland.

John B. Bowman
425 E. Norwegian St.
Pottsville, Pa.

December 31, 1928



The author at eighteen, about the time when his public speaking repertoire included "Der Alt Dinglestuck", "Ich bin dien DaDa Sei Spook", and "Der Mule Sthoot on der Canal Boat Deck".

THE EAST SIDE PARK

Ever since the reservoir of the Pottsville Water Company has existed, on the east side of Pottsville, the children of the neighborhood would dam up the waste water or overflow on the outside of the Company's premises near the street and wade there. Many times they had been helped by larger boys and men, to make a bigger dam to be used as a swimming pool for the smaller children. The above was the real origin of the "East Side Park", regardless of what individuals claim credit for it, for this practice is to my personal knowledge, at least forty years old.

The following, moreover, is an exact copy of a letter of the Pottsville Water Company sent to the Mayor of the city and date July 31, 1928:

July 31, 1928

Honorable La Mer L. Prichard
Mayor of City of Pottsville
Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:

The Pottsville Water Company hereby tenders to you as mayor of the city and your successors in office, free of charge, the license and privilege of taking possession of the lower portion of the Park Basin ground adjacent to East Norwegian Street in the City of Pottsville and Borough of Mechanicsville, comprising 3.54 acres more or less, to be accurately determined later, and of maintaining thereon, at the expense of the City, a public recreation park and playground with a swimming pool and playground accessories for children and park benches for general use.

This license and privilege to continue at the option of the Pottsville Water Company to be determined at its own discretion upon giving to the Mayor, or chief executive official of the city of Pottsville, a written notice to that effect.

This license and privilege is made upon condition that the city of Pottsville will agree to always keep the premises in a clean sanitary condition, collect and dispose of rubbish in containers to be furnished by the Water Company and to police the premises for the preservation of that order and decorum which should characterize a public resort for children and adults desiring recreation.

A public announcement of this offer should originate in your office, and the Pottsville Water Company will refer any inquiry concerning this matter to you.

Awaiting your reply, yours very respectfully,

The Pottsville Water Company

BY: N. J. Beisel,
General Manager

Here ended the Pottsville Water Company's letter. On August the 13th 1929, at a stated meeting of the city council, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved that the City of Pottsville does hereby accept the agreement of the Pottsville Water Company under the date of July 31, 1928, relative to the public recreation park adjacent to East Norwegian Street in the City of Pottsville and the Borough of Mechanicsville and the playground equipment furnished therefor by the said Pottsville Water Company. Le Mar Prichard, Mayor, is hereby designated, authorized and empowered to execute said agreement to said Water Company on behalf of the City of Pottsville.

John B. Bowman,

J. Oren Bearstler

I hereby certify that the above resolution was duly passed by City Council at the stated meeting held the 13th day of August 1929.

G. A. Berner,
City Clerk

You will notice that in the Water Company's letter to the Mayor, they refer to this plot as their Park Basin.. This was for the reason that it adjoins the Old Agricultural Park, which at one time flourished with a hotel, and race track. Sports of all kinds were held here, races, baseball, and foot races. The first time that Barnums Circus came to Pottsville it was held at this Park.

Upon the minutes of a meeting of the City Council held September 10th 1929, page 141, is recorded a motion by which the city officials were directed to execute the agreement with the Pottsville Water Company. This was submitted by the City Solicitor.

The minutes of October 8, 1929, page 151, record a motion by which the East Park Association was granted the privilege of oversight and improvement of the park. The motion was made by Mr. Bearstler and seconded by Mr. Bowman.

The President of this Association at the time was Mr. Joseph Glaser. The whole populace of the East Side became very enthusiastic and set to work at once to improve the swimming pool. Lots of free labor was given by the men and boys, but in the mean time another election was held resulting in the election of J. Oren Bearstler as President. Great dissension immediately arose and two factions resulted. All were for the Park, but they did not pull together. However the work progressed.

Block parties were held and card parties in the Phoenix Hose House, with the result that considerable money was raised.

Their meetings were held monthly, in the parlors of the Phoenix Hose House and the membership was a great deal more than one hundred. The dues were twenty-five cents a year. The controversy between the two factions became worse, each year. Finally it came time to hold another election for officers, and the greater number decided to defeat President Bearstler.

So when they came to ballot, the president ruled that only those who had paid their twenty-five cents to date, would be allowed to cast a vote, and it was found that a small minority had paid up and they were Bearstler's people.

The opposing faction were not allowed to pay up at the meeting. This caused greater bitterness and the club membership fell away to such an extent that, from a meeting monthly in the hose house of over one hundred people, ten or twelve would now meet at a private house. I was a member, also Director of Parks and had to remain neutral, as on the whole, a good work had been done and much accomplished.

The club had raised a goodly sum of money and spent twenty-two hundred dollars, more or less, in placing concrete walls around the pool. Also they had paid out some money for labor. The men and boys who had given their services free were among the dissenting crowd, so that everything after that had to be paid for.

The president of the club took the attitude that he was the head of the park and carried things with a rather high hand. However, the people knew, and the Director of Parks knew, that the lease was city property. This made its Director, the superintendent, who, to keep peace (as the club had done an excellent work) reluctant to interfere. Controversies were unjustly brought about by some of the few remaining members of the club, who created scenes on the grounds with ex-members, those who had once been good free workers for the park.

The swimming pool was run without system or regard to the desires of the State or its laws.

Finally, the President of the Association removed to his own home some property which the Director of Parks had placed on the grounds.

That was the "straw" which broke the camel's back. The director asserted his authority, took over the park and declared the Association out. He was told, by some of the few that were left, that it was the proper thing to do, as they were being used to further somebody else's politics. It is to be regretted that an Association, starting so well and having done so much good, could not agree and continue to function.

The following year the director, with city money, had the bottom of the pool concreted, a chlorinator established and a chlorine house built.

Subsequently he piped the overflow of the Water Company's reservoir to the chlorine house, built the bath house, built a concrete sidewalk all around the pool, a retaining wall on the entire east side of the pool (to keep the bank from sending its dirt down into the water) a stairway and bridge across its creek, and also planted the shade trees that face the tire front of the Park, along the sidewalk.

Since the year of 1935 no improvements have been made to the park, with the exception of a wooden uncovered band stand, by the W.P.A., upon which the W.P.A. Band holds its concerts.

During the summer of 1935 there was a scarcity of water at the pool, and it was found necessary to keep the water pure and clean by using the fire-plug near by, which the director did, in order to comply with the State Law. Superintendent Clayton, of the Water Company threatened to put him to jail in case he did it again. Whereupon the director replied that he would put the Superintendent of the Water Company to the same place, in case that he sold any more water to circuses or contractors through the city's plugs.

The following week the Superintendent saw the Director and said, "That little difficulty we had last week, we will forget about." He had previously said that it would cost the city about \$28.00 to fill the pool from the plug, "and why should they have free water when others had to pay for it?"

The plugs belong to the city, but the water is theirs. Their charter specifically states that these plugs shall be used solely for the extinguishment of fires, yet they sell water through them upon every opportunity. Circuses are charged from \$10.00 to \$50.00 according to their size.

When West Market Street was paved from 12th. Street to the end of the city line, every plug was used to sell water to the contractor, at a specified rate per square yard of concrete, amounting to more than \$2,000. Every plug was left out of order and the city repaired them. North and South Centre Street have since been paved. The plugs were used, and I suppose with the same charges. You will readily say, "Well! why didn't you do something about it, you were a city councilman?" The answer is very plain and simple. The Water Company, you will notice in their agreement given at the beginning of this article reserves the right to discontinue the lease of the park, to the city determined at its own discretion, by giving a written notice to that effect. To interfere with their methods while a city official would have meant the closing of the East Side Park and Pool.

SPEECH MADE BY ACTING MAYOR BOWMAN AT
THE SPANISH WAR VETERANS UNVEILING MONUMENT TO
HEROES OF 1898.

In accepting this monument in behalf of the City of Pottsville, I would say to veterans of the Spanish American War that when some of you returned from Porto Rico, I had the honor to be one of the reception committee.

I recall with what pride we marched at the head of your column down Centre Street, then back to Union Hall, where a dinner was prepared for you.

Mr. Schalk made the "welcome home" address, and Captain Dyson endeavored to respond, but fell exhausted into his chair. You were a sorry looking company then, gaunt and emaciated from exposure and lack of proper food, and as I look into your faces, I miss many now that were with you then.

There are three things that are always silent: thought, destiny and the grave, and it is to those of your comrades who have gone into the West, beyond the sunset of this life that you dedicate this monument.

"Light winds are mournfully sweeping,
And whispering oak branches wave,
Where their loved ashes are sleeping,
Those forms of the true and the brave.

Silence reigns breathless around them,
And the trumpet shall rouse them, no more."

And now I accept this monument in the name of the city we all love so well, Pottsville, "the best site in the Anthracite".

I promise you that this generation of people and their posterity will hold and cherish it as an emblem of your patriotism and bravery, in leaving your homes and risking your lives in that great cause for humanity.

Dedicated September 5, 1927.

THE BOY OF YESTERDAY

Many grown people have only a remote memory of their boyhood and only one girl whom I know remembers her infancy. Blessed with a remarkable memory that goes back to my babyhood, my baby thoughts and sayings are still with me, especially occurrences. These things of my babyhood would be hard to express now in my advanced adult years.

I can recall being weaned from my mother's breast. You might say that I must have been a big baby. Not so, and you will agree with me when I have related how it came about. While learning to walk, I "toddled" around the dining room table. Losing my balance, I fell to one side, striking my head against the sharp edge of a large horse-hair sofa. My upper lip was cut in two, right under the nose. The family gathered about me, and I remember my father handing me into brother Harry's arms, who carried me to Doctor Koehler's office. The old Doctor drew my attention to a full length skeleton of a man that dangled in a cabinet in front of me. Then he stitched my lip underneath ^{and packed the wound} with court plaster. What the Doctor's instructions were about my feeding, I, of course, do not recall. However, after I was taken home and wanted my dinner, the family gathered around my mother and I was placed in her lap. Instead of my dinner, there appeared a black fur, and

they all cried, "Oo baxie! " My memory is keen to the above circumstances. Also I never hear the expression " Baxie " without memory of my dinner that I didn't get on account of a cut lip.

I was the youngest of eight children and was greatly teased ~~by~~ them, which hurt and they seemed abusive, but, to them, I perhaps appeared cute and precocious. I seemingly had a hard time of it, and I became self-conscious, which made it worse.

One Sunday morning when Mother was busy getting dinner while the rest were all in church, I slipped away alone and came upon a boy picking old horse-shoe nails and bits of bolts in front of a blacksmith shop. I began to do likewise, putting them into the pockets of my little dress. By and by, I heard Father call, and I immediately began to throw the nails down a nearby cellar-way. He spanked me good for having run away, not saying anything about my nails. Never-the-less, whenever I would do anything out of order, someone would say, " Now I am going to tell Papa that you stole old iron and threw it down Bordas' cellar. "

One day, I picked up a cigar stump and put it into my mouth. When Jonathan Bauch came along, I said to ~~him~~, " I smoke and I chew. " Quite some time later, and in a different location, my older brother came rushing across the street, grasped me in his arms, saying, " You smoke and you chew, do you? " He carried me into the house and

represented that he himself had heard me say it. This, to me, seemed to be a great injustice. I was too young to explain just how it was, or to whom it was said. I was awfully hurt. My confidence in mankind was shattered. He did not hear me say it. He wasn't there. It didn't happen where he picked me up. They still tease me about it, old as I am. That little incident has taught me, all through life, above all things to be truthful to little children.

On another occasion, I had fallen and hit my head on the sidewalk, so that it pained me grievously. I ran to Mother and said, " Is my head cracked? " Oh! Boy! That one is still going strong.

This constant teasing had its bad effect, as when the grocer across the street called over to me, saying that he would give me an apple if I would come over, and, instead, he put a potato into my hand. I immediately threw it at his window, smashing it, and yelled, " That is just what I wanted to do! "

On another occasion, my sisters thrust me through the dining room door on to the porch. I couldn't see the reason of it, so I punched my little fist through the window pane. They puttied that pane of glass in in a jiffy, before Father came home, which made me feel that I was right that time.

At a very early age, Father would stand me upon the counter and have me preach. I would immitate our preacher. My sayings might have been cute. One day some men took me into a telegraph office when Father wasn't there to have me preach. They also taught me some more sayings that were not quite so nice, and I did not understand. The next time Father stood me up to preach, I went on with the new part of the sermon. He snatched me up and sat me down, " Who taught you that? " he demanded. " Ed Koehler, " I replied and lost my charge as a preacher.

Mother covered us in the winter time with heavy thick "feather beds " as we called them, two boys to a bed. In warmer weather, these "feather beds" were packed away in a large attic, but my older brothers would get them out on the floor, stand me in front of them, get down on their knees, and, with large boxing gloves, punch me back upon the "feather bed". The punches seemed hard, but I never complained to Father until one day I was taken down-stairs with a bloody nose, and the game was up.

I went with Mother to spend an evening at my aunt's home. When bed-time came she proceeded to put her own youngsters away for the night. I remember just how it was. She drew a long, low bed out from underneath her own bed and put three of my little cousins into it, two of whom are now successful professional men. These beds were called "trundle beds" and, in day time, were pushed out of the way under other high beds.

As I advanced into boyhood, I did the things that most every other normal boy would do, sharing in all the games and sports, fought and bled, especially the latter, having been handicapped by an affliction of nose-bleeding, which came very often after an exertion, whether at work or play.

With a love of outdoor life and horses and cattle, as soon as school closed in the springtime, I would "beat it" to the farms of Grandfather and two **separate** uncles. I preferred to do this rather than remain at home and do the boy's work about the store. As a youngster about the farms, I was given only a few cents a week for driving cows, etc. But each year I grew bigger and stronger and finally was paid twenty-five cents a day and, then, fifty cents with board when real work was done, and all three were anxious to have me.

At the age of eight years, I began driving Grandmother's cows up "Neusiedal " to Grandfather's farm, located where the Killian Dams now are and extending westward over the hill toward the turnpike. The barns and home were located on Center Avenue, on the outskirts of town, in those days. **This** little favor I did for Grandmother during many years and was repaid by many, many kindnesses by her. Among others, she knitted for me a very heavy pair of long woolen stockings that went well in my boots in the winter time.

Finally an uncle took over the farm, farming it for half and, at the same time, carrying on a butcher business. He bought "plugs", old horses, and traded them and also kept a fine stallion. He added one more cow to the herd and would buy all kinds of cattle and expect me to take them along up to the farm. These strange cattle made me lots of trouble in various ways but gave me much good experience with live stock. They would sometimes take to the woods, and I would often tear my clothes or be late for school in getting them back. Not being paid for the job, Mother said I must let Uncle's stock go their own way if they left the cows.

One morning, I found in the barnyard, with the cows, a very large old bull. Uncle came out and said, " You take this bull along up to the farm and don't you bring him down at night. He is tame. You need not be afraid of him. "

That evening, when I went to bring the cows home, I found them in the farthestmost field, up on the ridge, a long distance from the road. I drove them to the bars in the fence, and, like an old gentleman, the bull let all the cows go through first. I stood ready and cast the upper rail into the socket before he could follow and then raised the three lower rails. He

seemed very much surprised and blew out a loud bellow, threw up his body, coming down with his immense weight upon the fence, breaking off one post and laying two lengths of fence flat. I wondered what Uncle John would say to that. I was more amused than scared. We proceeded down grade, over a wide field, to the next fence, and, again, like the old gentleman he was, the bull let the cows precede him through. When I performed the same method of barring him in, he likewise did the same. The posts held, however. He succeeded in breaking one section of rails. This let us into the meadow through which the creek ran its entire length, and cows and bull stopped to take their^{last} drink for the day. I went to the road and let down the bars, the fence standing upon an elevation. I felt sure that, if I succeeded in keeping him in here, he would not go home that night, as the fence was a good one, besides standing higher than the field. The cows came up from the water one by one, and I let them through as they came. He was again the last one, and I again succeeded in having him enclosed and set out to follow the cows. Fence and incline had no effect upon the ardor of this old fellow. He followed us the entire length of the field inside the fence until he came to the corner when up he went. His front legs went over the rails. He hung there a few seconds, and I saw his bulging eyes and fierce wooly head. The carpet-weaver across the

way held open his gate and cried to me to come through. The bull pressed downward with his immense shoulders, tearing out two rails, splitting two posts, and over he came. He didn't pay the slightest attention to me and "jogged" along contentedly home.

Uncle John opened the large gate to the barnyard and let us through and began a tirade about me bringing the bull home, said I was afraid of him, etc. When I got the chance, I said, " Well, I am not coming up in the morning. " He wanted to know why. I said "because you will need to take the truck wagon and load it with not less than three new posts and plenty of rails. Your old bull broke through the three fences to the road. You can take my cows along and be sure to take the bull along. "

I went up and had supper with Grandmother, telling her about the bull. We had a long silent chuckle over it together. Grandfather did not think it quite so amusing as the posts and rails broken belonged to him. I never saw the bull again.

I was about twelve years old at this time when a drover by the name of Henry Unangst stopped me and asked whether I could borrow one of Grandmother's cows and, with it, drive a steer over to the Beckville butcher shop, so the ox would go quietly, accompanied by the cow. He would pay me twenty-five cents for the job, but I must put him in the butcher's pen and not leave him on the outside. Having had a lot of experience with live stock, I replied,

" I can take him there without the cow. " He provided me with a long staff and steer and I started out. In those days, there were many bridges, turns, and cross-roads between the Spring Garden Hotel and Beckville. I managed to keep beside the ox all the way, talking to him and made every turn without trouble. The ox stood still while I opened the gate to the pen, there being no one about to give me any assistance. He waited patiently, but, when I tried to drive him in, he took a few steps forward, gave a loud bellow, turned and ran up the mountainside. I followed him, found and brought him back again and tried to make him enter the pen, when he broke away and again made for the mountain. I found him and, by this time, blood was streaming from my nose, caused by the exertions. Before I reached the pen again, a man was waiting and said, " Don't you try that again! You are half dead now. " " But I promised to put him in the pen, " I said. "He won't go in without a rope and plenty of force besides. He smells the blood of his own kind and knows what will happen to him in there, " he said. " It's a shame to send a boy out like this. " So he drove the ox into a neighboring barnyard, saying, " Let them find him there. Now go home. " I passed Mr. Unangst many times, and he did not ask how I made out, nor did he give me my hard-earned twenty-five cents, until after several weeks had passed, when he said, " I see that you have returned my staff, so I guess you delivered the ox all right. Here is your

money. " So I had a better feeling toward him and oxen in general.

" Like a needle in a hay stack " is what we say when performing the almost impossible. Never-the-less, I am going to relate a true story of a diamond in a straw stack.

Mr. Thomas Kerns, at one time, was Schuylkill County's prothanatory and a member of the first board of directors of the Hospital for the Insane at Schuylkill Haven, also a successful railroad contractor. He owned the farm at the cross-roads at Boherman's Mill (then Boyer's Mill, possessed by Squire Daniel Boyer). Mr. Kerns' farm adjoined that of my uncle Lucian Kern.

Early one Sunday morning, looking across the field, I saw a lot of men pitching straw behind Mr. Kerns' barn. I ran into the kitchen and told Uncle that Tom Kerns was threshing on Sunday.

We went over. Tom was there, and he said, "Lucian, I took a hand behind the threshing machine yesterday and lost my diamond. It is somewhere in the straw stack. " I have forgotten what he said its value was. Those men were picking and sifting the stack, almost straw for straw. They labored throughout the entire day without finding it, but the next day were successful.

James McGaffery ran the Eagle Saloon on Dock Street, Schuylkill Haven. This was at the time of the presidential campaign of 1880. The candidates were Democratic Hancock

and English and Garfield and Arthur, Republican. Mr. McCaffery was an ardent supporter of Hancock and, in his honor, erected a tall flag pole, placing high on its top a very large brass cock. Two mischievous boys placed, all around the bottom of the pole, a large quantity of chicken droppings and corn. McCaffery swore vengeance on the perpetrators. He blamed Old Captain Berget but failed to prosecute him.

There were many local fights in those days, "duellum and bellum", with snowballs and sometimes with stones. I once received a smack in the eye with an icy ball. Oh! How it hurt and how I did yell. It was a whole week before sight in it returned.

Two boys were fighting at the bridge just opposite the Catholic Church. Father Muldowney, thinking that both boys were of his parish, ran across the street and boxed both their ears soundly. Learning that one was a Protestant boy, he hurried to the home of the boy's parents to apologize. He was told to do the same thing again if he caught the boy fighting.

The bridge was the entrance to the "Irish flat", and the **Irish** boys would stone the Dutch when they passed the bridge, also vice versa.

One of our best fishing places was just under this bridge where the Mill Dock joined the Canal, a great place frequented by unusually large catfish at night. The Irish boys would sneak out unseen and shower stones

down into the water, scaring away the fish. The Irish were not fishermen. I can not recall any of them fishing.

My father was a great fisherman. I do not remember him fishing often with hook and line. He had hundreds of hooks with strings attached for outlines, drag-nets, set nets, and drip nets, also two large eel gigs.

When we were told to get a kettle of chubs up the Poor House Creek, that would serve as bait for outlines for larger fish and snappers, at night.

The drag-net was thirty or forty feet long and six or eight wide, with corks as large as a fist all along the top and lead sinkers at the bottom. When this net was used, it meant a night excursion of Father's friends, by horse and wagon, and, in the morning, we saw a division of fish of many kinds, tubs full, divided among the men. There were pickeral, pike catfish, eels, white fish and sunfish. I can not be sure of bass or trout.

The Pogy Creek, flowing into the Mill Dock and, then, into the Canal, abounded with chubs. The Boyer Mill Creek, beginning at the Second Mountain, whose waters flowed through the Valley down into the dam at Adamsdale, was filled with suckers and red perch with black fins. At both of these streams, you could catch a nice string most anytime. They are empty of fish now and almost dry of water in the summer time.

Going for leaves was a great outing and source of much pleasure in the late fall. A man owning a team of mules would round up a number of boys and, with them, drive to the woods to gather leaves, with which he bedded his idle team during the winter. The leaves were gathered and thrown into the wagon box and stamped down tight by the boys. When the box was filled, then we began to fill bags to lay on top of the already loaded wagon. One boy would put his two feet into a bag and tamp it full with the leaves that other boys brought to him. This had to be done from a sitting or reclining position. When the bags were all filled, they were thrown upon the wagon load, pressed down tight and then tied securely with ropes. We all jumped on top of them and the fun really began on the home trip, by the boys' trying to secure places on top of the load and keep from rolling off.

When the ground was hard in late fall, shinny was played with **crooked** sticks or shinnies, similar to the golf sticks of today. These sticks were made, as a rule, from young trees pulled up by the root, with a small part of the root attached to the stem as a crook.

Two deer holes, one at each end of the field or small course, were dug into the ground as bases. Sides were chosen, and a block of wood or stone constituted a bone of contention, placed midway between the two holes. The club succeeding in getting the block into their

opponent's goal, won the game.

It was also played on skates upon the ice, by one side getting the block and trying to keep it from their opponents, there not being any special goal.

In winter time, we skated most anywhere, as the Canal and River flowed right through the town. We skated to Landingville when the River froze. This was a fête that could not be done on the Canal, unless we took off our skates and walked around the locks. Skates then were very different from those of today. They were made of wood, with a little projection extending up from the middle of the heel. This was fitted into a hole in the heel of your shoe. The hole was made by using a gimlet. The skates were fastened by leather buckle straps and very seldom could you draw them tight enough to keep them from slipping from side to side. This was improved by forcing sticks of wood between the straps and shoe.

There were many idle mules and horses in winter time, and some good-natured boatmen would arrange a board at the end of a shaft and drag it up and down, in and out, and round in a ring, clearing the ice of snow, in winter time, making skating very romantic by moonlight. Every one skated, young and old, women and men.

The winters seemed to be very long and cold, beginning in November and lasting until March. Men with idle teams would make up sleighing parties, and, for ten

cents, would drive us down to Fall's Hotel at Pinedale, to warm up and spend the extra pennies that we could rake up. Also each school would have its sleighing party.

Coasting was done differently in those days. There were no bobsleds or flexible fliers. The sleds were all straight without steering gears, and you had to steer them by kicking your heels hard into the snow to make the sled turn in the direction you desired. There was no turning out. The hill had to be clear when you started.

The grown people coasted, too, and a Mr. Wertz (train dispatcher at Schuylkill Haven) coming up Union Street, dragging his sled, stepped out to warn us that the seven o'clock passenger train was coming. We got off of our sled in time, but the one following us struck him. He got up and walked home, saying that he wasn't hurt, but that night he died.

The waters of both Canal and River ran clear. There was deep swimming anywhere in the Canal and docks and swimming holes all along the Schuylkill.

We made our own rainbows. This we could do anytime the sun shone. The river banks were lined with birch and beech. We would select a place with the shadow of the trees to the east and the sun on our backs to the west of us. Then with our hands or paddles, we would splash the water high into the shadows of the trees.

The sun shining upon the water would cause a rainbow, just the same as a sunshower on a summer afternoon. The higher the water was thrown and the longer row of boys we were, the bigger rainbow we got.

In spring time, when the sap rose in the trees, we made horns, whistles, and squirters.

The blow horns were made by cutting the bark from a chestnut or willow limb into one long strip an inch or more wide. We began by winding it around the little finger, extending it outward and winding cone shape, wider and wider, until the desired length was reached. Into the finger-hole, we would insert a mouth-piece made of the same bark. The result was a horn that made a very loud sound, similar to that of the common butcher horn, now out of use.

The whistle was made by rubbing and beating a straight limb until the bark was loosened from the wood and then slipped off. One end was plugged, a hole cut about an inch from the other, and a wooden mouth-piece made to fit over, through which the air passed. This made a plain whistle. If we put a small round piece of wood inside before closing it, we had a whistle with a warble.

We made a water squirter by removing the pith from the inside of an elder stick and plugging it at one end with a round piece of wood with a small hole in the center. A small rag or fine twine was then wound tightly

around a stick of wood and fitted snugly into the other end. When pressed inward, this plunger removed the air through the little hole, after which you put the end in water and pulled the stick backward, not removing it all together. Its suction would fill the squirter with water, through the hole and, pressing the stick inward a second time, the water would fly out into a height according to pressure used. These weapons of offence were often taken away from us by the teacher.

We made whips, of course, with a lash on a stick, but some boys could weave a black snake whip out of leather thongs that were cut from old boots. I couldn't do it myself, but I have seen boys do it well. They were also expert in cutting the leather laces. The point of a very sharp knife was driven into a smooth wooden surface, and the piece of leather was drawn around the sharp blade. This resulted in strips as regular and as thin as shoe laces.

The boy of yesterday played all the same games that the boy of today is playing. However, there are changes:

In baseball, three strikes was out, also over the fence was out, instead of a home run. There were no bases on balls given. The batter had a right to say where he wanted his balls and called, --"Low ball! ", "Knee ball!", "Waist ball!", or "High ball! " and the pitcher had to give them or pitch until he did. If they were missed

three times, the batter ran for first base, and the catcher had to get it there in time to make him out, which was not always an easy task to do, as he had to stand back and take the pitches on the first bounce. Catching was an easy place to play. His usefulness depended on accurate throwing to first base. The pitcher did not throw the ball, but pitched it with his finger-tips toward the ground. There were no masks, gloves, or shields then. Later the pitcher was allowed to throw the ball, but underhanded, and the catcher had to come up to the bat on the third strike. A third strike, caught, was out. I believe about that time a certain number of balls delivered entitled the batter to take first base. It was not four balls when first inaugurated. Two foul balls did not mean two strikes, as now.

Football was quite different. We simply chose sides. There were no rules. We kicked, threw, booted, or used any force available to get the ball to our opponent's end of the field. The ball was not shaped like today, but was perfectly round.

Cricket was played by placing a stick across two bricks or stones. The bowler tried to knock it off. If he succeeded, the wicket tender had to get the stick and place it back on the stones and then tag the bowler before he could run to the wicket and back again. If he made the tag in time, the runner was out.

" Around town" , we played with ball and bat. There were three bases similar to baseball. Each boy played for himself, as no sides were chosen, and he could

stay at bat until tagged out. The boy making the largest number of trips around "The Town" or bases won the game.

" Duck on the Rock " was a very exciting, interesting, but dangerous game. Strange as it may seem, the girls, at picnic time, were more anxious to play this game than the boys. A large stone was secured as the "rock" and each player procured a stone for himself, it being a "duck". The one who was "it" placed his duck on the rock. The rest stood at the base about twelve feet away. With their stones, they tried to knock the duck off the rock. When accomplished, the boy at the rock would hurry, grab his duck, place it on the rock, and try to tag the thrower before he could run and get his duck and return to base. At the same time, someone else would try and knock his duck off again before he could tag the runner, in which case he would still be it. All the others threw their stones to get the duck off again, while the one boy was trying to tag the other, which put them into danger by the flying rocks.

" I Spy" was played by throwing a stick of wood, (by the best thrower in the crowd) in one direction while we all ran in the other and hid. The boy being "it" had to run and get the stick and place it at its base. He would then leave it and seek out the hiders. If a hider could sneak up

and take the stick, the boy would still be it, but if he spied a hider before the stick was taken, he would cry out " ' I Spy ' Deak Smith behind Joneses' rain barrel! One! Two! THREE! " and beat Smith to the stick. Smith, then, would be it.

" Nep " was played with a four-sided piece of wood about four inches long, cut so that when placed on the ground, its upper end did not rest upon the earth. This end you hit with a paddle, causing the Nep to fly up, when you again tried to apply the paddle, driving it quite a distance away. If any one caught it on the fly, you were out. If not caught, you stated how many steps you would give the players to return the Nep. He, the one possessing it, would then step it off. If he succeeded you were out, and he became the batter. Instead of this squared piece cut in opposite directions at the end, we sometimes used one pointed all around at both ends -- but this was not so much a favorite as the square one which bore the numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4 on its sides.

" Mommely peg! " What boy hasn't played mommely peg? My son and daughter (now in middle life) played it in their childhood, the same as I did in my boyhood, without any variations in the method of its playing. I suppose the boy of today is doing the same.

Mommely peg is played with a half-opened jack-knife upon a neighbor's porch or cellar door, not often your own if you can help it, as the knife blade makes a cut into the wood it is played upon, every time it is

thrown. This causes an ugly scuffing of its surface, with the *"huss" as a result when caught in the act. A given number of trials with the knife was allotted to each player. He, the one making the greater number of points, would be acclaimed the winner.

The knife was tossed so that when the point of the blade struck the wood, it would remain with its handle extending at an angle. Then you measured with your fingers horizontally from the floor to the tip of the handle. If it measured six fingers, you were given six points to your score. The "Barlow knife" was a favorite in my boyhood. It was plain one-bladed knife and was supposed to be the best bargain for the money, ten cents.

"Crack the whip", I suppose is still being played. A number of boys, with a strong boy at the head of line, would start to run as fast as possible. When the big boy would slack his speed and pull backward, this would cause the whole line to circle. The momentum to go forward threw the end ones head over heels, often hurting them. This we also called "Sling."

"Cross Tagger" was the same as "Tag", only that, if a runner ran between you and the one you were after, you had to desist and follow the one who has your path.

"Hide and Seek." The same as today, nevertheless, in my boyhood, we had the advantage of the "Old Boats".

* "He gave us the 'huss' was what a boy said when a neighbor chased him off.

I can hardly describe with what fun we hid between them, hid in their holds, cabins, and the dark hole in their bows where the ropes were kept, climbing in and out of the cabin windows. These old boats were usually stored in shallow water. But, more often, we played the game here in our birthday clothes.

"Here and Hounds." One boy would act as the "here", and the rest of us were "hounds". When he was satisfactorily hid, he would blow his conch or butcher horn, then we would set out to find him. This game was played at night and very often extended over a wide radius (the Church woods, cemetery, Shannon's Hill, the old boats, etc.) and sometimes a whole night. I recall one here that we did not find in a whole season, at the end of which he disclosed his retreat. He had climbed across a manure bin and forced himself into the narrow crevice between two stables.

"Hop over Hats ", the boy of yesterday played. I do not see it functioning any more. It was played by hopping in and out, between and over the row of boys' hats, etc, at the same time dropping a ball into the hats. I do not remember its rules.

"Marbles" were played in too many ways to describe each one separately. "Big Ring", "Little Ring ", "Three Holes", "One and Two Holes", "Plump" and "Lag", and "Paddle marbles". "Follow Marbles", we played going to and from

school, using very large men called "trollers". I do not know what the boy of today calls his marbles. The boy of yesterday called them "agates", "trollers", "glassies", "Mexicans", "commons", and "powder-millers". The latter were not on sale at stores. We gathered them after the powder mills had blown up at Beckville. These after crooked "commons" were only worth one-fifth of a "common". The "plumper" was a large marble, but the "troller" was as big as a golf ball.

The old Coal oil lamps on the streets burned for a few hours in the early part of the night, only on such nights as the moon did not shine. Then we played "Street Tagger" at the lamp post corner where the streets intersected. A boy stood in the center and we tried to cross from corner to corner without being tagged.

I possessed an old sawed-off musket and, with my chums, we went about looking for Indians and what-so-ever to pop at, often frogs and suckers in shallow water. One boy from off the boats would bring along a frying pan and a little butter but always forgot the salt, and we would have a little fish fry before going home. I roamed every where with this little musket, very often alone, and I imagined myself to be "Nattie Bumpo".

My oldest brother brought home from the University, a complete skeleton made up of three different human beings, --a woman, a man, and a Negro.

He perforated the bottom of a tin bucket with a number of holes, put the bones into it, and lowered it into our old well, believing that the water would whiten them.

The skull had part of a mustache and a patch of red hair at the base of the skull. Brother forbade me to meddle with this outfit, but he went back to Philadelphia, so what did I care. I brought in about all the boys in the neighborhood, drew up the bucket, and showed them what I had.

In the meantime, Mother moved the family to "Main Street" and rented the premises, the bucket still in the well. The man renting the storeroom threw his ashes into it and, with other refuse, filled it up. Later the property was sold. Many years later, the man who purchased it came to me and said, " Mr. Bowman, I want to clean out the well and make a sump of it. But the men say **that** there is a man at the bottom of it. How about it? " I said , " Dig down about eighteen feet and you will find him. "

He came back in about one month and said, " Well, we found a shin bone and the remains of a rusty bucket handle. "

" Hop Scotch ", we played as it is played today.

" Chew Raw Beef " was not a game, but a mean trick that was played in settling an old score between

two boys, or upon some innocent, unsuspecting boy, while in swimming. This trick consisted of knotting the victim's clothes. The sleeves of his shirt were knotted, then made wet. Two boys would pull on the knot in opposite directions, the water causing it to become very tight. This would be done in secret. When finished, the cry of " Chew Raw Beef! " would go up and all the boys would come out of the water to see who was the victim. These knots were drawn so tightly that two hands were not sufficient to undo them and he had to use his teeth. Then the entire crowd would yell,

" Chew Raw Beef;
" The beef is tough;
" You are a little nigger;
" And never get enough. "

I recall one boy leaving his shirt lay and starting home to tell his father. A rough-neck grabbed it and ran home. From unseen places, thereafter, we yelled at him, " Who stole the shirt? "

October 9, 1940.

John B. Bowman,
425 E. Norwegian St.,
Pottsville, Penna.

AFTER-MATH

Just recently, a local newspaper, in giving a description of a murder that took place on Minersville Street, said, " The victim was the only occupant of a vacant house. "

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The Good Intent Fire Company purchased one of the first automobile pumpers. It was of the Robinson make. It was tested back of the Court House and the stream of water went fifteen or twenty feet higher than the tower, and its spray fell on Centre Street. The next day it hailed and when a member of the Humane Fire Company asked member of the Good Intent whether he had seen the hail, he replied, " That wasn't hail. Our Jumbo pumper threw the water so high yesterday that it froze, and it's just coming down today. "

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Among the early canal stories that were told me are several that I recall.

A man was found drowned in the canal. The boat-men drew the body to the towpath, but, upon finding it covered with eels, they left it in the water and sent for his wife. When arriving and seeing the eels, she gathered them up and said, " Throw him in again. "

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I can vouch for the truth of this story. A boy whom I knew found a mouse in his soup. Upon displaying and complaining to the mistress of the boat, she said, " I can not see how that could happen. I blew the pot out. "

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A captain ordered his bowsman into the cabin to fry a beef steak. Searching everywhere, he couldn't find anything in which to prepare it. Going on deck, he stated so to the captain, who picked up the scoop-shovel, saying, " Here is your frying pan. Next time, keep your eyes open. "

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One boy told me that they had started the trip with a crock of molasses. He spread it upon his bread day by day and it grew thicker upon each occasion, with a disagreeable substance gathering between his teeth. The farther down in the crock, the worse it became and, upon searching the bottom, he found a rat.

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Jack Hendricks was a plumber. Lou Deibert was a tinker. These two men would help each other at their respective work. Lou was very fond of his schnapps . One day they were working in the cellar of a private home. When finished, they decided to crawl through the cellar window rather than go up through the house. Jack got through all

right, but Lou stuck fast. The neighbors gathered, but try as they would, nothing could move him, backward or forward. Jack said, " I know what will fetch him. " He got a glass of whiskey and held it beyond Lou's reach as he shot through the window, tearing himself stark naked.

In the 1870's, Undertaker Heiken would use his team and sleigh to take out parties in the Winter time. One day, he had a family butchering and used the rear cross seat board to cut fat upon, previous to rendering the lard. He neglected to clean the seat. The same night he took out a party of women, four of whom slipped over the backboard into the snow when they went up the first hill.

Case Deibert's (Cheese Deibert's) family lived on the road between Schuylkill Haven and Landingville. They were noted for the excellent variety of cheeses they made and brought to market. They were Deiberts like the rest of the residents of that name, yet they were generally known as " Case Deiberts". We did not know differently. The father was a grand old man, in my boyhood, and I had the ill luck of greeting him, " Hello, Mr. Case Deibert. " He called me to him and explained, " I know you don't know, Johnnie, but my name is only Deibert, like the rest of my relatives. "

Summit Station, why? Located down deep in the valley.

My wife, when single, was visiting in the town of Hamburg, Berks County. A farmer came to the door at the home where she was visiting and asked if they needed anything. The lady of the house called out, " No. " The farmer then said, to my wife, out of politeness, " Frish de morro? " (" Fresh this morning? ") She then called back into the house, " He wants to know whether you want any fish tomorrow. "

" I'm a 'Huttle' " (to be excited) was a common expression in Northampton County, and Huttlesville was a Dutch locality on the outskirts of Bethlehem, now the location of the city's high school.

" Dummel dich " (you hurry) a common expression among the Dutch farmers.

" Lotz Hussa " were peculiarly made trousers and were worn only by very old men, when I was a boy. They Unbuttoned at both sides, instead of one row of buttons down the front. I am inclined to believe they were home-made, not by regular tailors.

The house fly is still with us, but the fly-chaser and fly-chasing are things of the past. Houses were not

screened in earlier days as they are today, especially in the country. When the household sat down to a meal, either the servant or one of the family had to act as manipulator of the fly-chaser to keep the flies from the table.

The fly-chaser consisted of a long stick (often a broom handle) over which newspapers were thrown and fastened, then cut into ribbons, which then hung loosely from the stick. This was waved above the table, keeping the flies moving and from landing.

When the meal was finished and the dishes washed, all the women folks would supply themselves with towels and dish cloths, then open all the doors and windows, and, swinging their cloths into every nook and corner, would drive the flies out into the open. Then the blinds were drawn, the doors closed, and the rooms darkened. There was also then a wire fly-trap, into which you put honey or molasses. The flies would go up underneath the trap, up through a small hole to get at the bait, and were unable to return.

I have seen these traps entirely filled, and, in one instance, was told to take it and drown them in a bucket of water. This I did, leaving them in the water until not one them showed any signs of life. After some time, I dumped them out into the light, and "believe it or not", after being in the light for some time, they all came to life again and flew away. This convinced me that the fly had at least two lives, especially if the first one was lost by drowning.

I experimented with single flies and found that, if you leave him apparently dead by drowning, then place him in the sunlight, he will, in time, come to life, spread his wings, and fly away. This I believed to be my own secret, all through life. However, I was mistaken, for just several weeks ago, at a fire company picnic, a man went about trying to get bets as to whether he could restore a fly to life after being dead. When a bet was taken, he would put a fly in water until seemingly dead, get his co-bettor to acknowledge its death, whereupon he would lay it in the sunlight. After a time, it would spread its wings and fly away.

Which of the two bettors was right?

Many of us today remember the magnificent chestnut trees of the past, but there are more of the younger generation who have never seen them. These trees were as large or larger than the great oak trees that are still standing.

One of the pleasures lost to the younger generation is the one of going for chestnuts.

These trees abounded all about Pottsville, Tumbling Run, Sharp Mountain, Marlin, the east end of Lawton's Hill, the Park, Chestnut hill (named for its trees), Greenwood Hill, then only a forest and a farm. To these places, I had the joy of leading my children and watching their childish delight when gathering the nuts.

During my boyhood, I wandered through a wider field to gather chestnuts, -- Hillebushe's Grove on Second

Mountain, Butze's Woods in Nausie Daul, Wasner's Woods, Bowen's Grove, Schuylkill Mountain, Cullie's Woods, Sculp's Hill, and many other places.

Upon returning from these excursions, chestnuts were not the only succulent things contained in our bags. There were persimmons, butternuts, wild grapes, shellbarks. Upon one trip, we found a fence row of hazle nuts along the old road leading from Auburn to Pinedale.

Down South Centre Street, Pottsville, at the south end of the Sheaffer Building, you will find a basin containing a lion's head. This was a drinking fountain in the long ago. From the mouth of the lion's head gushed water into the basin. A tin cup attached by a chain supplied the container by which to drink. It is said that the water became polluted, causing the discontinuance of the fountain.

SOME ODD SAYINGS AND BELIEFS

Some years ago, I was picking blackberries in a scrub oak cut-off. During the entire morning, I could hear the mother wild turkey hen, with her " put, put, put " taking care of her young. Try and try as I did ^{I could not} to get sight of her. Calling the attention of a man to these circumstances, he said, " That ain't a wild turkey, it's a black snake singing. " I argued the point with him and failed to convince him that black snakes do not sing.

Was I right?

I have since told of this occurrence to men in town and, to my amazement, some of them do believe that black snakes sing.

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In Spring Garden was located the Seifert steam flour and grist mill. This was said to breed roaches. At any rate, many homes in the vicinity were pestered with them. One way to get rid of them, it was said, was to put three or more roaches in an attractive box and throw it upon the sidewalk. The party picking it up would get all your roaches.

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If you went through an open window, you had to go back the same way or you would not grow any more.

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To cure the mumps, tie oakum or a sliver cut from a pigs' feeding trough around the patient's neck, or a woolen stocking, to cure sore throat.

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When a boy, while visiting in the City of Washington and playing in a back yard, I heard one woman call to another across lots, " Dummie Gontz. " In a spirit of mischief, I cried out, " Vos chrichen sei? " ("What do you say (or holler)? " " Say, do you come from Pennsylvania? " one asked. " Yes, " I said. Then I had to explain that she had called her friend a " Dumb goose " and then I had to tell them that Vunder Nause was a busybody that stuck his nose

into everything, that " Schnickel Fritz " went with
Vunder Nause to help make mischief out of what he had found
out. That " Hans Wurst " was a Spotz macher or fun-maker.
Many more of our Pennsylvania Dutch expressions and
sayings I had to explain to them, of which they knew, but
not their meaning.

Do not forget that if you hear the wheels sing on
a passing engine or train of any sort that it will meet with
an accident before it reaches its destination.

An eel skin worn around one's leg or wrist would
protect one from harm, drowning, rheumatism, etc.

These are "Five Locks." In the early days of the canal five were needed for the climb, but with improvements they were reduced to two. But the name was never changed from Five Locks! The wall for the second level can be seen in the background. the old locks were for two-way traffic, two one way, and three the other.

J.B. Bowman

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MEMORY ALBUM—Looking Back to the Old Canal Days

1949



This rare old picture of the Schuylkill Canal was taken more than a half century ago when the canal waters were placid and deserted at Connor's Crossing. By 1886 when the picture was taken, the canal had lost much of its business to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. And a

new railroad, the Pennsylvania, was pushing its way north through the county. At the far right of the photo, the work of constructing the P.R.R. arch at Connor's is shown. (Another in a series of old-time Schuylkill County furnished with the co-operation of the Historical Society of Schuylkill Canal.)

